World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

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Thinking Aloud . . .

by EDWARD HULTON

THE conference held by *Picture Post* in connection with the planning of the New Britain proved more than interesting. The publication of the Planning Number itself at the beginning of the year was fairly venturesome. For it had long been the orthodox view amongst publishers of 'popular journals' that the people were simply not interested in questions of the day, even in the improvement of social conditions, which must touch them so nearly. As it turned out, the response to the number could not have been greater. Hundreds of letters poured into the office. What was rather flattering, and also rather intimidating, was that people were not content just to write to *Picture Post*. They wanted the editors to 'take action'. Persons great and small have been writing to *The Times* newspaper for over a hundred years. But I don't think they have ever expected *The Times* to do anything about it!

Taken Down in Evidence

THE conference was held so that editors, contributors—such as Julian Huxley (biologist), Dr. Thomas Balogh (economist), Mr. Maxwell Fry and Miss Elizabeth Denby (architects)—and some of the readers, could get together in order to expand the articles into a book. It took two whole days, four sessions being held. Every word was 'taken down in evidence' by an expert shorthand reporter. So at least some people can feel that their views have been recorded *in extenso*. The half-dozen readers present included a sanitary inspector from Scotland, a miner from Wales, a bricklayer from Willesden and a seventeen-year-old girl student of architecture from Leighton Buzzard.

Though it would be going too far to say that a complete solvent was found for all the world's ills, it can be stated in all truth that the ideas put forward and suggestions made were really valuable. It was found that some ordinary people at least not only have wants, but have some fairly intelligent ideas about how to deal with their difficulties.

Mr. Churchill himself would not have been wasting his time at the talk. And he would have been most encouraged. For this little cross-section did show what a wealth of goodwill, of talent, and of hope, there is in the country.

Signal Success

WE would like to have interested the Ministry of Information in the Planning Number, hoping that it would have given us the all-essential licence so that a hundred pages could have been printed instead of forty. The propaganda value, both home and overseas, would have been great. *Picture Post* editors laboured for six whole months on a special number to portray the Empire. At the last minute they were casually informed that a decision had been reached that no special propaganda numbers of weeklies were to be issued until the end of the war! Moreover, that this decision had been taken three months previously!

Thus the Ministry wilfully destroys

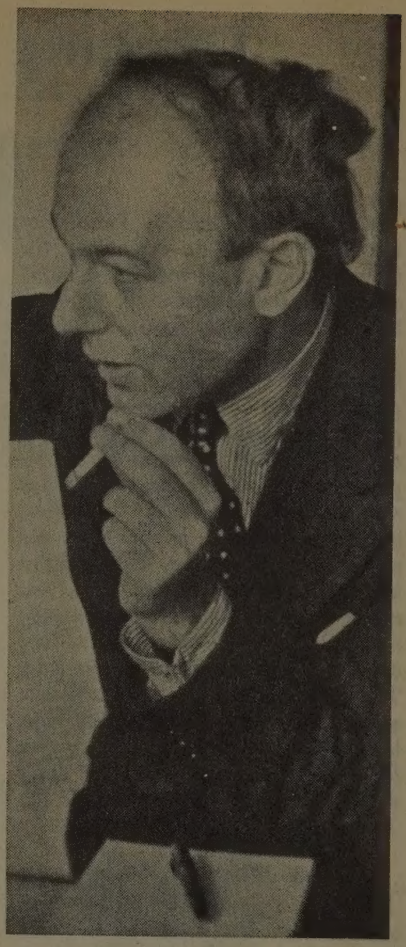
one of its own most potent instruments of propaganda. No doubt because some miserable civil servant was frightened of the competing claims of the various commercial firms involved. Not that there is any dispute whatsoever between any of these firms. But this does not worry the Civil Service 'mind'—if you can call it a mind—*Oh! No John! No John! No!* is his only refrain.

Meanwhile, as I write, there lies before me on my desk a copy of *Signal*, a magnificently produced illustrated paper, proclaiming the glory of Hitler's Reich, and on sale throughout the world. Is anything effective done to send British illustrated papers into foreign countries? It is not! In fact, a friend of mine was offered a copy of *Picture Post* the other day in the streets of Lisbon. He bought it. It turned out to be *Signal!*

Berlin v. Bloomsbury

One of the most interesting theories at present being entertained by the Ministry is that a newspaper can be run without staff. Every newspaper is glad to co-operate with the Government by releasing all the staff that it can for the fighting services. It is obvious that there must be a limit, especially in respect of men with highly expert knowledge. It is a fact, however, that in regard to *Picture Post* and *World Review*, the Ministry has failed to reserve a single one of those it was asked to.

At the moment two men, more or less unknown to the public, are wielding great power within the Ministry. They are inclined to be very reactionary. On the other hand, Sir Kenneth Clark, the new Controller of Planning, is one of the few persons who have proved satisfactory. He has got there by sheer merit. He believes in getting



THOMAS BALOGH—LEADING ECONOMIST

things done. He is not afraid of making himself unpopular, even bearding high persons in their dens. He is of the type which democracy has not been producing in this country since the last war, but the type it has got to have if it is to survive. It should in fairness be added that Mr. Robert Fraser has now become Director of Publications. He is

an able man, a practical journalist, and one who understands periodicals.

In Britain we still possess a wealth of talent, but most of it is ill-employed, or not used, where it is not being positively throttled. In Germany mediocre talents are being used to the utmost by the diabolic will and force of Hitler and his henchmen. A big advertising man was telling me the other day how he had been interested in commercial advertising in Germany before the war. The talents of the Germans in advertising and propaganda were beneath contempt. In fact, all departments had to be staffed with Britishers and Americans. All this notwithstanding, Goebbels has been able to build up the powerful machine we know. To its victories, which range from Denmark to France, is now added Bulgaria.

War of Ideas

WHAT is distressing is that we seem to be utterly reconciled to possessing a Ministry of Information which is almost worse than useless. As well to have a useless Army, Navy, or Air Force. For without the effective application of psychology we cannot win. Psychology is a most irritating word, which, I am sure, irritates me as much as it does anybody else. The importance of the subject nevertheless persists. Some of us, indeed, do not yet realise how profoundly our psychological position has been altered, for the better, by the arrival of Winston Churchill. Our confidence in Neville Chamberlain was growing less day by day, and Labour could not work with him. Winston comes amongst us, the personification of our own fighting spirit. We each of us feel that we want to emulate his cheerful determination amidst perils.

In America his coming on to the bridge has made the whole difference. Where once the Americans thought they detected some glorified Balkan conflict, some struggle of rival imperialism—even a 'phoney war'—now they see us led by a man who quickens their own blood, who is the embodiment of the manly democrat. They now congratulate themselves on the fact that our Prime Minister is half an American.

It is a tragedy that Mr. Churchill is not supported by Ministers who appreciate the force of ideas. They will gaily tell you that no propaganda at any rate is needed on the Home Front! Is that so? Whereas the effort made by the workers in our war factories is magnificent and without precedent, everybody knows that there are in every factory a greater or smaller number of workers who are 'unmoved'. They are spending most of their time groaning over grievances, real and imaginary, and are not putting the idea of Victory for Freedom first. Nine-tenths of these people could be made into enthusiasts for Freedom's Cause if only they were approached in the right way.

The Soldier's Attitude

I WAS talking the other day to a friend of mine who has just got a commission, having been through the ranks, and is just leaving with his men for the Middle East.

'On the whole they are a fine type of man,' he said. 'Some of them are a bit tough, and have resented various restrictions, and have had to be punished. But these will probably make the best fighters. When we set sail I've told them that we'll forget any punishments outstanding, and all start with a clean slate.'

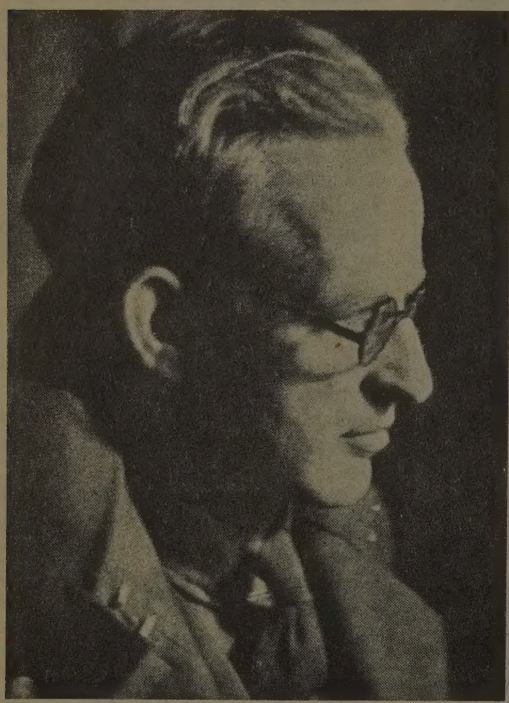
'That's fine,' I replied. 'And do they know what they are fighting for?'

'Well, they are all keen to get at the enemy. And they are very proud of their regiment. They think it is the best regiment in the Army, and they know all the regimental traditions, and a lot of the regimental history.'

'Yes, but do they know anything about Nazism and Democracy?' I put in.

'No, we don't bother them with Hitler and things like that!'

This is really absurd. If a man can take pride in what his unit did in the eighteenth century, is the fight for Freedom and decency beyond his comprehension? I should have thought not.



MAXWELL FRY—REBUILDER OF BRITAIN

When is a Civil Servant?

As regards foreign countries, not only does no consistent message go forth, but Sir Robert Vansittart has been permitted to make his strange broadcast to America, condemning the entire German 'race', to be followed by the neat brochure entitled *Black Record*. It has always been understood that a Civil Servant was not permitted to publish his views. However, when this was pointed out, one very respectable newspaper became well-nigh hysterical in its defence of Sir Robert's action, and declared that anyhow it was a matter for Lord Halifax, who was then Foreign Secretary. Curiouser and curiouser! Why the case of Sir Robert has thus been 'distinguished', as lawyers would say, is still far from apparent. One individual went so far as to declare that Sir Robert was not a real Civil Servant because his advice was never asked for anyhow!

Advice to the Tough

Anent 'Sir Robert's sixpenny indiscretion', a reader points out these interesting facts. H. A. L. Fisher's *History of Europe* has the remark: 'It is difficult to overestimate the achievements of the German people during the twenty years of Bismarckian peace'. According to Sir Robert, Tacitus avers that 'the Germans would sooner get things by blood than sweat'. According to Fisher, 'Tacitus was right in thinking that the Germans had something new and valuable to give to European civilisation . . . the secret

ELIZABETH DENBY—ARCHITECT AND TOWN PLANNER

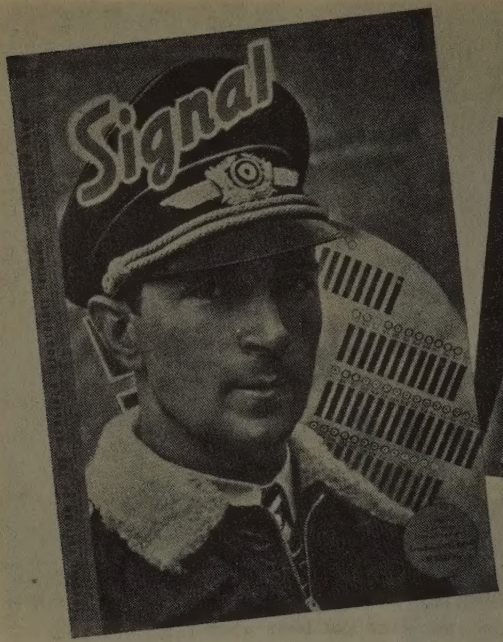
of political liberty . . . the passion for individual initiative'.

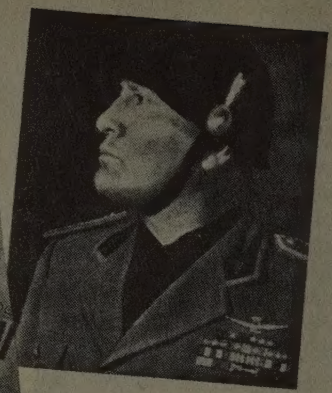
The Germans of Tacitus were, of course, also our own ancestors. All nations are much of a muchness; and have had their times of folly, and of desire and thirst for glory. They have also had their periods when they have been ruled by a criminal, or a gang of criminals. It is Hitler and the Nazi rulers of Germany who are the enemy. Let those who feel 'tough' see to it that all prominent members of the Nazi organisation are properly dealt with when victory is won.

Vigilance

MEANWHILE we have left this extraordinary incident in the air. It is here that we as citizens require a new kick in the pants! We are leaving too many things in the air. One is the case of Mr. Malcolm MacDonald. This is not the only instance where Members of Parliament have been sent off on some job abroad, and their unfortunate constituents calmly disfranchised. The matter is fundamentally disturbing, and would have been regarded so as early as the fifteenth century, and certainly in the seventeenth. Now, apparently, membership of Parliament is to be rated as a mere sinecure, or some quaint old survival, like the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds itself, or the Manor of Northstead.

Another instance is the suppression of the performance of artists who may have lent their names to the 'People's Convention'. The 'People's Convention' itself is a Communist 'stunt'. However, to prevent its supporters from





'the Duce conducts the affairs of his country with the sure hand of a genius'—SIGNAL, Dec. 1940

acting in plays, or conducting orchestras, is as ludicrous as it is tyrannical. Mr. Attlee answered in the Commons' House that it was not the policy of the Government to discriminate in such cases. This is no doubt true. If so, who took this action?

Criticism à la Mode

THERE has been quite a series of attacks in the press on the new 1941 Committee. Most of these have taken the form of assaults upon Mr. J. B. Priestley. It must at once be emphasised that the Committee does not exist to boost Mr. Priestley, but unites a very large number of the more progressive thinkers in the country. Mr. Priestley, after some refusals, consented to act as Chairman, though his broadcasting alone, into which he certainly throws himself body and soul—hence its success—keeps him arduously occupied.

Believing as they do in freedom of speech, the members of the 1941 Committee would be the last to resent criticism of the views which they have published in their pamphlet *We Must Win*. This criticism has not been forthcoming. Apparently, the critics, though doubtless literate, found it too tiring to read the pamphlet, and concentrated on an attack on Mr. Priestley. Attempts were made to undermine him by suggesting that the public already regarded him as a bore.

Efforts were also made to show that more readers were writing to the papers in support of other broadcasters. I understand that the truth is that the volume of letters arriving at the B.B.C. praising Priestley is overwhelming. The

New Statesman points out how strange it is that the *Evening Standard* should content itself with such a low degree of accuracy concerning events at the 1941 Committee, when all they have to do is to consult Mr. Michael Foot, one of the Committee's original members.

The type of unfair criticism exemplified here bodes ill for the future of democracy in the new Britain. It is certainly reminiscent of the sort of whispering campaign which used to issue from the Whips' Offices. I have seldom heard of a Member taking an independent line without learning soon afterwards that he was a heavy drinker, a man of unbalanced mentality, the owner of several cupboard skeletons, or a man with a most vicious private life.

Holiness

THE New Britain will fail unless the kill-joys can be liquidated. Every man and woman is consciously, or more often subconsciously, looking for colour, beauty, even romance. At long last Mr. Herbert Morrison favours the Sunday opening of theatres, though in a somewhat half-hearted and 'permissive' way. The following comment on this matter is instructive: 'There is no getting away from the fact that Sunday is the Christian Sabbath. The Christian has certain duties towards his God which he is expected to perform on that day. . . . The closing of public houses in Wales on Sunday is grossly unfair to the Licensed Trade.' This religious homily comes to you from the *Morning Advertiser*, the organ of the beer industry!

How do We Eat?

IN the meantime everybody agrees that Food is Problem No. 1. Yes, agreement is universal, but nothing is done about it! We have very little time ahead of us now before sowing, so that if we don't get going it will be too late. There is at present not much drive being put behind the campaign. It is not realised that ships are only about a third as useful as in times of 'normalcy', since they have to take long routes, such as the voyage round the Cape. The County Committees have no jurisdiction over the innumerable small private gardens of the country, which could grow an enormous amount of vegetables. The main problem boils down to labour. If we are really serious about food production we will release labour for this essential service.

Again, as in every other field, the Treasury is discovered to be the nigger in the woodpile! The Treasury mind is still thinking of transport and other agricultural problems in terms of strict finance, when the point is that we must have the food 'at all costs'. As Lloyd George puts it, we are 'digging for victory with a pair of Treasury scissors'.

STALIN as seen by OSCAR BERGER

'But how awful, Leslie!'

Escape or Uplift?

A Discussion Between
LESLIE HOWARD and C. A. LEJEUNE

War, thinks Leslie Howard, has had a salutary effect on the cinema. The film of the future will have less nonsense about it. But C. A. Lejeune, well known to 'World Review' readers, puts in a good word for Hollywood. Their debate is reported by John Danvers Williams

LESLIE HOWARD. The day of purely escapist entertainment is over. Unless films are made which have some bearing on reality, some connection with the events which are shaking Europe, people living under war conditions will have no use for them.

CAROLINE LEJEUNE. It all depends what you mean by 'purely escapist entertainment'. I am as much against 'fan-fodder' films as you are yourself, but if one escapes from the war atmosphere by watching the clever build-up of some character far removed from the war situation, that is not really evasion at all. One is merely relieving the grimness of present-day life with something saner and more interesting.

HOWARD. Clearly we shall have to define what we mean by escape and reality. These are merely relative terms. If an actor wants to escape, for example, he can only escape into reality! Most of the time he lives in a world of artifice, and when he is brought face to face with the real world of machinery and men, it comes as a genuine relief. . . .

LEJEUNE. But how awful, Leslie!

HOWARD. When I talk about escapist films I mean the average Hollywood picture which bears no relation to life and which is built up like the novelette out of preconceived and second-hand ideas.

LEJEUNE. Are you sure that the public wants to be robbed of all its hokum? Whatever our own personal tastes may be (and I imagine that they'd be very much the same), we must admit this: that Hollywood has supplied a demand. The film industry has become proficient at the production of hokum because that is largely what the public has asked for.

HOWARD. In the past, yes—the public wanted hokum. My thesis is this, that bombs and machine-guns will shake people into a new mood. Hokum is just a part of the world that has had its day.

LEJEUNE. And what are you going to put in its place?

HOWARD. Films that are more realistic in subject and treatment. I don't think that the public is any more interested in seeing novelettish entertainment than I am in making it. War at close quarters is a terrible thing, but it does at least shake people out of their complacency.

LEJEUNE. Yes. It shook Paris and Berlin into tremendous artistic efforts directly after 1918.

HOWARD. Before the war my mind was filled with innumerable

theatrical and screen projects. When the war started I simply lost all my enthusiasm. One can't just fiddle while Rome burns. I contemplated giving up screen acting and offered myself for all sorts of war jobs. The authorities told me that since I was an actor by trade, the best thing I could do would be to make propaganda films. . . .

LEJEUNE. You know what I think about propaganda films! Most of them are no nearer to reality than the average Hollywood production: they are a re-hash of the old penny-dreadful stuff with the Gestapo man taking the place of the moustachioed villain. I resent this. I do dislike being made to hate for twenty-four hours a day.

HOWARD. I agree, hate films are most depressing. I can't sit through a film like *Pastor Hall.*

LEJEUNE. I wouldn't see such pictures if I hadn't got to. They don't convert me to anything, and they don't entertain me. They merely make me feel sick, like watching an operation.

HOWARD. But there are many other aspects of war. My contention is not that we should make hate films—they are merely a different sort of hokum—but that it is futile for film producers to go on churning out the old Hollywood recipe when things are happening in the world, when the mood of the people is changing. Producers should take their material from life, for if the film industry closes its eyes to reality it shuts out any chance which it may have of artistic development. Do you see what I mean? If producers go on building up their films on well-tested visual clichés, not only does the subject matter become stale, the whole technique becomes flat and spiritless. . . .

LEJEUNE. The form of a film develops out of the content, you think?

HOWARD. Yes.

LEJEUNE. But when you criticise escapist entertainment, aren't you rather taking a running kick at yourself? . . . I mean *Berkeley Square* and *Smiling Through?*

HOWARD. It has been my fate; because of my appearance and manner, to be cast in idealistic and spiritual parts that are really not me at all. To me, *Berkeley Square* was merely a job of light entertainment, yet I had cranks, spiritualists, and all sorts of curious people ringing me up after the film had been shown to say that they knew by the sincerity of my performance that I must genuinely have believed in what I was doing.

LEJEUNE. How amusing!

HOWARD. Not so amusing for me! I found myself always tending towards the spiritual, when the real me was interested in a far more intellectual and critical type of entertainment. The last straw was Wilkes in *Gone With The Wind.* He had no humour, no character . . . in fact, he is a perfect example of the sort of thing that I consider defunct.

LEJEUNE. Certainly he was a bit of a sap.

HOWARD. I should never have played him. It was Wilkes and the long-drawn-out torture that I went through in characterising him that finally convinced me I must play parts that had some meaning, or else give the whole thing up.

LEJEUNE. Seriously?

HOWARD. On my oath, Caroline! I couldn't have gone on with that sort of thing, war or no war.

LEJEUNE. Yet Hollywood at its best is still unbeatable. *The Great Dictator*, for example.

HOWARD. Yes, or *The Grapes of Wrath.*

LEJEUNE. Or *Our Town.*

HOWARD. But, although those films were *from* Hollywood, they were not *of* Hollywood. They were made by progressive individuals working outside the movie machine.

LEJEUNE. I suppose you're right, but quite apart from those pictures which, I will agree, were by way of being 'specials', I personally should be extremely sorry to see the more typical sort of Hollywood production entirely wiped off the map. The public needs films like *Smiling Through* now and again, if only as a nepenthe; and the public must be catered for.

HOWARD. I can only repeat that I think the demand for such films will gradually disappear. The Hollywood we know will disappear in time. The people there simply don't realise what is going on in the minds of Europeans. Europe may be passing through the greatest holocaust in history, but I guarantee an M.-G.-M. première would still make bigger news in the Los Angeles newspapers than an Italian revolution. How can those living amid the shriek of descending bombs be interested in the work of people with such mentality?

LEJEUNE. I'll grant you this, Leslie—over here it's getting increasingly difficult to make pictures which do not bear in some way on the war situation, for a genuine artist must naturally be influenced by the things that are going on around him. Very well, then, let's make war pictures over here, leaving it to the Americans to supply us with the escapist stuff which the public needs as a drug. But I don't think we should concentrate on sheer propaganda so much as on films which have an interesting story and are merely given war-time setting. We might do well to copy the example set by the French producers. They always gave you an interesting story and lifelike characters, and set the picture in a genuine environment.

HOWARD. That is very much what I am attempting to do in *Pimpernel Smith.* The chief character is a genuine English type, a Cambridge intellectual who is really far more interested in his archæological discoveries than he is in the futile pursuits of men. . . .

LEJEUNE. A gentleman in very much the same frame of mind as the Hollywood moguls you so despise, but on a different plane. . . .

HOWARD. Yes, Caroline, but you must remember that we first meet the professor before the war has started. When he goes to Germany on an archæological expedition and gets mixed up with the Nazis, he very soon becomes a man of action.

LEJEUNE. Into what category does the picture fall . . . melodrama? . . . romance? . . . or what?

HOWARD. It began by being a documentary, based on Sir Nevile Henderson's Blue Book, to show how the war started. As difficulties arose with the Censor, we introduced a fictional story. Now it has become a comedy drama, most of the humour arising out of the solemnity with which the Nazis view their own activities.

LEJEUNE. A satirical comment on the European situation?

HOWARD. Yes, and topical. There is one scene in which a pompous Nazi official is questioning another one about the British secret weapon. Someone has told him it is called a Sense of Humour.

Solemnly he reads extracts from Lewis Carroll:

> *'Twas brillig and the slithy toves*
> *Did gyre and gimble in the wabe.*

'Do you think that's funny, Herr Minister?' he asks. 'No,' says the other. 'Exactly! The British have no sense of humour, therefore we have no reason to fear their secret weapon.'

LEJEUNE. What are you going to do when this picture's finished?

HOWARD. This will be the last one I shall make with swastikas on the arm-band. I *have* something else in mind, but I'm chary of discussing it just yet. . . . You know, there *are* exciting schemes afoot to link all progressive film technicians and actors together throughout all democratic countries in the world. That would give us a nucleus of British and Americans, with those who have escaped from France. Directors would be exchanged, companies would work separately yet co-operatively.

LEJEUNE. You mean a kind of world corporation with all the democracies as associate producers?

HOWARD. At least such a scheme as this could replace censorship of the Hays Office kind.

LEJEUNE. But we'll have to wait till after the war for anything on an international scale. What about the meantime?

HOWARD. In the meantime, let's begin at home. I would like, if I could, to get the Government to give me some sort of job through which I could help reorganise the British film industry.

LEJEUNE. You think it will survive the war?

HOWARD. Certainly I do. With the French industry in the hands of the Nazis, and Hollywood receding further and further into a world of insubstantiality, I think it will be left chiefly to the British industry to lead the way towards saner and significant entertainment.

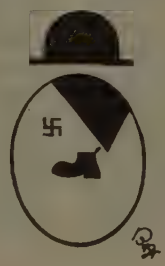
LEJEUNE. Don't forget the documentary producers, men like Ivens and Pare Lorentz. They're doing great work.

HOWARD. And so are the few individuals who, though working in Hollywood, have managed to avoid the contagion of the place and turn out good stuff. At the moment the chief concern of everyone interested in the development of films should be how to provide an awakening public with entertainment that will appeal to them. . . .

LEJEUNE. Leslie, as a great favour, would you tell me (off the record if you like) something about the project which you said you were c' ary of discussing just yet?

HOWARD (*in a timid whisper*). Well, if I could find financial backing and someone to distribute the film for me, I should very much like to make *a film version of Hamlet!*

LEJEUNE (*triumphantly*). Leslie, what a hopeless escapist you are!



CHAPLIN 'THE DICTATOR' as seen by OSCAR BERGER

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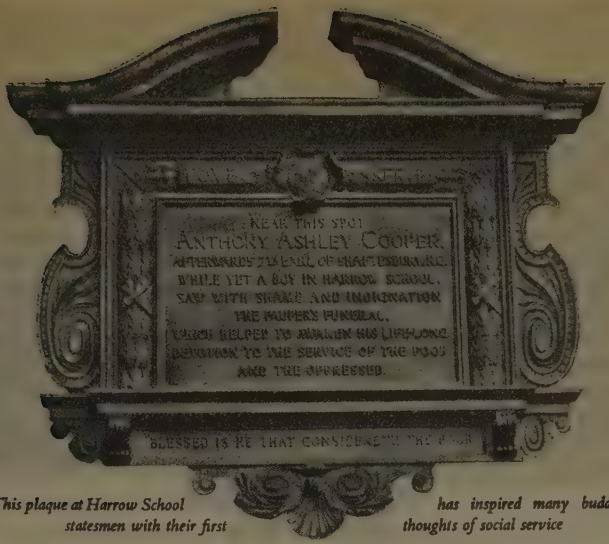


This plaque at Harrow School has inspired many budding statesmen with their first thoughts of social service

A Conservative Looks Ahead

by ARTHUR MANN, C.H.

Along whatever lines post-war Britain shapes itself it may be assumed that the historic political parties will continue to contribute to the national life. Arthur Mann, Editor of the 'Yorkshire Post' from 1919 to 1939, and formerly Editor of the 'Evening Standard', looks ahead from the standpoint of a life-long Conservative who realises that adaptation is the price of survival

We are fighting this war and enduring stoically its bloody sacrifices to secure a stable peace based on justice and co-operation between nations. We are fighting for our own preservation as a free people ready to play our part with other free peoples in erecting a better Europe that shall enjoy liberty and not be subjected to the serfdom which Hitler imposes.

If I have stated our war aims correctly, how, may one ask, is our cause impaired by a discussion now of the kind of peace we hope to obtain for ourselves and others when victory is won? If we are to secure international co-operation in restoring Europe from the anarchy into which gangsterdom has plunged it, and set up a better international system, we must think hard about ways and means. The first conclusion we are likely to reach is that we shall not be able to pull our full weight in Europe after the war if, when peace comes, we are thrown into a violent domestic controversy over our own New Order that friendly discussion now would avert.

I might be deterred from writing on these matters, at the invitation of

World Review, by the fear that in doing so I should be breaking the party truce and so impair the war effort, did I not remember what happened under a similar party truce in the last Great War. Then the nation was inspired by high promises of social betterment but was enjoined by its leaders to avoid any discussion that might disturb established political convictions or ruffle party prejudices. We were brought to regard the defeat of Germany as an end in itself, and so in the exultation of victory we overlooked the importance of winning the peace. The result was the 'coupon' election, the virtual elimination of the Liberal Party, and a lopsided Parliament unequal to the tasks that confronted it.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

Successive Parliaments gave an increasing appearance of a nation divided politically between Capital and Labour, each force inclined to put its own material interests and party dogmas before the welfare of state and people. So deadlock occurred often when there should have been social progress, complacency was apt to be mistaken for statesmanship, and electoral apathy was encouraged. One side was dominated by the material aims of big business, and the other was too fond of putting faith in phrases without facing up to their full implications.

If we are to put our political system upon a broader and healthier foundation and avoid the tragic mistakes of the past, we must now seek, in a new spirit of comradeship, practical solutions of post-war problems.

As a lifelong Conservative, it seems to me to be the bounden duty of Conservatives, in particular, to put their own political ideas to the test of whether or not they conform to a better planned national economy, possessing a higher sense of human values and social justice. The open mind is particularly called for from Conservatives because for the greater part of the period between the two great wars the Conservative Party controlled the destinies of Britain and must, therefore, accept the major responsibility for the weakness and shortsightedness of national policy.

It is essential first of all that the Conservative Party should recognise the *need* for change. In politics, as in nature, adaptation is the price of survival. In the past the Conservative Party has faced and surmounted crises of adaptation and there is no reason why it should not do so again. But there is no future for the type of Conservatism which clings desperately to the ideas and expedients of an age that is past.

Already new aspirations and new ideals have taken root in the minds of the people, long-established fallacies have been exposed and age-old prejudices challenged. In 1867 the Conservative Party had to face a similar crisis in its history, when, under Disraeli, it recognised the artisan's claim to the franchise and remodelled its programme under the pressure of economic and social developments.

Disraeli was the first great Tory leader to see that if Conservatism was to be a real political force it must make a nation-wide appeal. For him the possession of wealth carried with it obligations as well as privileges. In his great administration (1874-80), Disraeli put into practice the principle with which he sought to identify his party, and so far-reaching was his programme of social reform that Alexander MacDonald, the first working man to sit

in Parliament, declared, in 1879, 'the Conservative Party have done more for the working-classes in five years than the Liberals have in fifty'.

At the end of the present war the Conservative Party will have to choose between service and self-interest; on that choice its future will depend. The industrial and financial magnates, by whom the party was too much dominated in pre-war years, fell far short of the ideal of disinterested government which is associated with great Conservative administrations of the past. Unless that ideal is fulfilled the Conservative party becomes merely an instrument for preserving the power and wealth of its most influential elements.

Whereas Socialism is a precise economic doctrine with clearly defined objectives, Conservatism is what its upholders like to make it. It is the good fortune of the Conservative Party that there is no basic and immutable principle with which it may be identified. What, one may ask, does it exist to 'conserve'? The whole of the established order, or only that part of it that is adapted to contemporary needs? The true aim of Conservatism is surely to preserve only those institutions which serve the public interest.

Insofar as the party stands for the gradual evolution of a democratic society, it answers to something deeply ingrained in the English character and is capable of rendering outstanding services to the community. I would appeal, therefore, to my fellow Conservatives to consider proposals for social and economic reform on their merits and not to reject them out of hand simply because they clash with preconceived policy or are put forward by a rival party.

The economic system of a civilised community depends upon mutual service. Money is but the symbol of service. If there is not a fair distribution of the fruits of industry the system is bound to suffer because glaring inequalities weaken the spirit of co-operation and goodwill that is essential to real prosperity and progress.

A sound capitalist system should use and preserve for the service of the State those qualities of enterprise and adventure that are at the root of all progress; indeed, of civilisation itself. But it must have also as a vital aim the safeguarding of the self-respect of a people whose present steadfastness, endurance and valour are born of a healthy and proper pride.

THE SEVENTH EARL OF SHAFTESBUR

Many of the older generation of Conservatives, it would seem, fail to appreciate the great progress that has taken place in the present century in the political intelligence of the people of this country. In Victorian days there was a wide gulf between the so-called higher and lower classes in their capacity to understand social and economic problems and values. Now students of industrial and economic problems, basing their knowledge and ideas on a closer information and insight, are to be found among all classes and not the least knowledgeable are to be met among the workers themselves.

It is, I think, idle to deny that some evil developments in the industrial and economic life of the country have been brought about by the extensive growth of limited liability companies. The system of limited liability was essential to the late phases of the industrial revolution of the last century. It enabled enterprises of great scope to

solicit capital from a wide area of both large and small investors. While such companies remained relatively small the old relationship between employer and employee was preserved. But as such companies grew, both in capital and business scope, and more particularly as they merged and amalgamated, the need for finance placed them more and more in the power of the outside financier.

To-day, a great limited liability company tends to become for clever and avaricious men not so much an economic entity serving the community as a market counter. If a man of foresight and industry founds and builds a genuine business from which the community draws benefit, he deserves a high monetary reward. But the man who merely manipulates and amalgamates businesses which others have built prospers beyond his deserts if he attains great wealth in the process.

One of the suppositions upon which the capitalist system is based is that the private profit of the producer and the interests of the consuming public coincide. Under modern conditions this has often ceased to be true: hence the growing demand for Government control of industry. But are we to see our great industries stagnating beneath the dead hand of bureaucracy? Is it not better that industry should of its own accord accept a higher standard of service to the community and adopt a new code of conduct both towards the worker and the consumer? Only thus I believe can we preserve the great benefits of private enterprise, while at the same time resolving the conflict between Capital and Labour, which threatens to poison our national life.

What steps are necessary to effect a reconciliation between private ownership of capital and economic security for the mass of the people? The first step, I suggest, must be to secure some measure of co-partnership, suited to each great industry, such as will give to labour a greater sense of responsibility for the industry's efficient management and financial welfare.

For each great staple industry there might be a joint board, on which would sit representatives of Capital, Labour and experts nominated by the Government, as well as representatives of the chief consumers. The function of these boards, with independent chairmen, would be to control the rate of growth or contraction within the industry, so that such changes, especially when they involved great reduction of staffs, might be better correlated than at present, both to real consuming needs and the livelihood of displaced workers. The careless dismissal of large numbers of men who have spent their skill and energies for many years in a factory or mine cannot be defended on any principle of Christianity or democracy.

Power to fix maximum prices might be conferred on these boards, subject to the production policy adopted within the industry concerned being acceptable to a central planning authority.

The establishment of some such central authority seems to be another essential step. Neither the capital nor the labour associated with any staple industry must be allowed to set a premium on its services—examples of this practice are to be found in 'trade rings' and in some restrictive trade-union regulations. But the central authority would approve minimum prices where such were needed to provide a fair wage and a fair return on invested capital, while if necessary, export subsidies would be provided, preferably by the industry itself. However, export

market problems should form the subject of international agreement.

I seek only to suggest principles which might guide our industrial policy; the details must be worked out by men better versed in economic matters.

There is undoubtedly immense scope for the improvement of the living conditions of industrial workers. No thoughtful man, whatever his political faith, can view with equanimity an economic system in which, even in peace-time, several million workers earn insufficient to secure for themselves and their families the minimum requirements of a decent existence. A proposal which has recently attracted considerable attention is that family allowance should be granted on a scale large enough to ensure that every wage earner can provide himself and his dependents with food, clothing and other things essential to keep them in good health. In view of the fact that pre-war social surveys of Bristol and other industrial cities prove that it is in large families that the hardships of poverty are most acute, the remedy might lie in the direction suggested.

The Conservative Party might also consider how wider equality of educational opportunity can be offered to all classes of the population. We have suffered as a nation too much from snobbery and prejudice, fostered by exclusive privileges and class distinctions. If co-operation and goodwill are to be the foundations of European restoration those energising influences must be fostered among the people at home. They are already operating strongly in the armed forces and among the younger generation.

If the Conservative Party is to play a leading part in the reform of our economic and social system it must first of all set its own house in order. In recent years it has been extremely difficult for a man who is blessed with advantages neither of wealth nor birth to obtain nomination by the Party executive. Until such time as the provision of election expenses is put upon a more democratic basis, and family influence is discounted in the nomination of Parliamentary candidates, Conservative M.P.s will not be in the main a representative body. Moreover, so long as influence in the party can be bought by generous contributions to the party funds, the development of a healthy and public-spirited Conservatism is impossible.

While I reaffirm my faith in the future of the Conservative Party and believe that it has an invaluable contribution to make to the New Order, I submit that it will only succeed in rendering great services to mankind if it is prepared to co-operate whole-heartedly with the other parties in the State. In time of war all parties can work together because they are pursuing a common end. Is it necessary that the return of peace should destroy their singleness of purpose?

Enforced unanimity is never desirable, and disagreement over non-essentials is a vital feature of democracy, but is it vain to hope that humane and generous-minded men of all parties will refrain from reviving the bitter feuds of the last two decades, and, casting aside outworn slogans and shibboleths, march together in peace as in war to preserve a noble heritage and to seek a common ideal of happiness? That prospect will be before us when victory is won, and its quiet discussion now, when opportunity offers among men of all classes and parties, would not violate, but rather strengthen, the purpose of our arms.

The B.W.I. Island Bases

When Britain announced that the U.S.A. was to lease West Indies bases, the heads of all these islands—the Bahamas, Barbados, Jamaica, Trinidad, Leeward and Windward Islands—cabled to Whitehall: 'We hope this means we stay British.'

They must have been patriotic, for the West Indies have had a really raw deal from Britain. The islands — total population just under 3,000,000—stretch in a line from the tip of the United States, through the impossibly blue waters of the Caribbean down to the dab of red that is British Honduras.

The 'raw deal' was voiced first by a Jamaican negro moneylender with crinkly silver hair—Alexander Bustamente, who forsook business to lead a general strike in '38. He was so successful that the cruiser *Ajax* had to sail to Jamaica to land marines. Bustamente told the world about conditions in Jamaica—starvation, semi-slavery, appalling housing. He demanded a Royal Commission to investigate. After the usual process of throwing him in jail, his demands were met.

In October, 1938, the Royal Commission sailed, headed by Lord Moyne. It took eighteen months to investigate the strikes and riots on the islands; the decline in exports of sugar, cocoa and bananas; the downhill trend in wages and housing conditions. Their report, completed in February last year, but not published fully (why not?), constituted the New Deal.

This is to cost £20,000,000 spread over twenty years, and a central organisation will use the money to finance education schemes, health services, housing, slum clearance (slums in a tropic paradise!), labour departments, and so on.

The troubles have died down now. Thank Bustamente for that.

Now for the U.S. bases. With bases also in Newfoundland and Bermuda, the string that stretches down through Virgin Island, Antigua, St. Lucia and Trinidad, form an impenetrable barrier to aggression in the west. The Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico are safe. The leasing of bases, for fifty destroyers, was like a dab of iodine on the Achilles heel of U.S. defence, for the Panama Canal in enemy hands would enable anybody to cut the U.S. Fleet in two and isolate one part.

The U.S. has now a strategically strong outer ring of defences guarding all sea approaches to the Panama from the Atlantic: air bases make it virtually impossible for an enemy to secure an advance airport anywhere on the east side of the canal from which a strong bombing attack on the Panama could be launched.

American sailors will have a wonderful time in these islands, where there are canoes with glass bottoms through which you can see fish and coral; where cricket is played with a passion that is only exceeded by Calypsos.

Calypsos? West Indian tunes—vigorous negro tunes—with doggerel words, that are wonderfully tuneful and fascinating. The Creoles make one up about you if you visit their island.

And Creoles are not necessarily coloured inhabitants. A white woman born and bred in Barbados is proud to be called a Creole.

Noel Barber

4

What is a Youth Movement?

by ELIZABETH SHIELDS-COLLINS

REVEILLE IN MEXICO

A reply to 'World Review's' Youth Number. Miss Shields-Collins spent four years visiting most European countries, the U.S.A. and Canada, on behalf of the World Youth Congress Movement. In Britain we issue thoughtful circulars about Youth. On the Continent, Youth has produced generals and seized governments. There is some muddled thinking about Youth Movements: let us begin by defining them

ONE of the difficulties of approaching this subject of a Youth Movement for Great Britain is to discover just what side of the fence you are on. . . . Are you young and therefore 'nimble . . . hot and bold . . . wild?' as Shakespeare says; or are you on the side of age, whose 'breath is short' . . . and who is 'weak and cold and tame?' (Shakespeare's epithets, not mine.) Personally I think this idea of conflict false. Therefore I would like to indicate right away that being on the right side of thirty I speak as a member of one of the younger generations.

In 1936 there took place in Geneva the First World Youth Congress, a remarkable gathering of more than seven hundred young people of all creeds, colours, classes, and political

MARINA RASKOVA, *flying 'Ace' and Deputy to the Supreme Soviet, is an example of the opportunities that Russia affords to young women to develop their talents on equal terms with men*

opinions, who came from thirty-six countries and from all five continents. A few weeks later I had the privilege of speaking to the Assembly of the League of Nations on their behalf, in the name of the youth movements of the world. Clearly this was a rash enough thing to do, but in giving a statement of the conclusions that had been reached at that Congress, I said that our definition of 'youth' included all those who were not old enough to have taken part in the Great War, 'thus those making up our Congress were old enough to possess judgment as well as determination, whilst they had not yet reached that age where interest in the established organisation might mean too great a sacrifice in the changes that appear necessary before international co-operation can be an effective reality'.

To my mind this definition stands to-day, especially if we add the changes that will be necessary in order to get the kind of Britain we want after the War. A youth movement, to be effective here in playing a vital part in the rebuilding of Britain, has to be in touch with everyone who is young enough in spirit to live through and enjoy this adventure; and in this process we won't be able to worry too much about our own security and safety.

Too often we find that the older generation tends to approach the problem of youth in terms of restraining and canalising and harnessing its energy, enthusiasm and idealism for whatever ends the particular representative of that generation holds dear—whether to save their souls, provide cannon fodder that goes to its end willingly as in Germany, collect votes for a political party, or to inspire them towards national service. On the other hand, members of the younger generation tend to go to another extreme and blame the old for the mess that the world is in to-day, or want to go their own way with as little responsibility and as much fun as possible. The results of recent investigations by Mass Observation into the eighteen-twenty age group of the male population of the country confirm this.

In fact, however, although within families there will always be bound to be a certain amount of friction between the generations, in a basically sound society there will be no antithesis of interest between the old and the young, nor should there be all the present difficulties of adjustment.

You may remember the words of Ralph Hodgson:

> 'Time, you old gipsy man,
> Will you not stay,
> Put up your caravan,
> Just for one day.'

Old or young, if you care for life at all these words must strike a common response. Every generation will be

fighting against Time, the old gipsy man, because there is just not enough time even in a lifetime to do all that there is to be done for the common benefit. This good society we must look forward to will include the possibility for everyone to enjoy all the good things of life—work, the possibilities of a happy family life, leisure to enjoy sport, art, natural beauties, literature and so on.

Turning now to the Youth Movement itself. First just what *is* a youth movement? Far too much is written about youth and youth movements without a clear realisation of the essence of the subject.

A Youth Movement Defined

A sound definition of a genuine youth movement is given in some of the publications of the National Youth Administration of the United States Government. Research and investigation into youth movements have gone much further in the United States than in this country. Government investigators have taken the trouble not only to survey the field in their own country, but also to draw upon the experience of educational systems and youth movements throughout the world. They have defined youth movements as 'spontaneous movements of youth, working for a common ideal, created, organised, and led by youth themselves'.

The great voluntary youth organisations such as the Scouts, the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A., do not fall within this definition: they are organisations *for* youth welfare run and controlled by 'adults'. It may seem at first sight that the Hitlerjugend falls within the category of a real youth movement in spite of its slavish attachment to the Nazi party. It is youth led—even its highest officers are comparatively young men—but its leaders are filled with a fervour and zeal for the Nazi system and are but the dupes of subtle propaganda instilled into them from an early age. And this is the negation of the spirit that makes a youth movement.

In the January number of *World Review*, a special YOUTH number, several distinguished writers dealt with the subject of Youth Movements in Great Britain. Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, in particular, treated of *Post-War Youth*. Without wishing to be disrespectful, I think that Mr. Lindsay and other contributors have missed the boat. All this talk about the Youth Service Corps, the County Badge Scheme, Youth Committees of Education Authorities, and so on, is not about the development of a youth movement; it is talk about the reform and extension of the present educational system.

Official but Hazy

This is made clear by a Circular issued by the Board of Education in June of last year entitled 'The Challenge of Youth'. In this Circular they speak of the development of Youth Committees of the Local Education Authorities and say 'that youth welfare must take its place as a recognised province of education, side by side with elementary, secondary and further education'. At the same time they speak of the necessity 'to find . . . some common element which will serve as the foundation of this new national movement' which 'can become not merely a movement for youth, but a movement of youth'. The Board appear to cherish the hope that their workaday offspring may suddenly be invested with a spark of genius. They become even more involved when they say 'State controlled uniformity and regimentation would be both stupid and perilous . . . wholly

alien to the spirit of the country.' If the Board's 'movement' did develop in the way they wish and on the present basis it would be State inspired, State directed and State controlled; it neither is, nor could be, a youth movement in the real sense of the term.

We are forced to the conclusion, then, that the Board of Education itself is not very clear about the possible developments of all these schemes. Indeed, it is only logical that in experimenting in this new field and in entirely new circumstances created by the war, they cannot be very clear, so long as certain facts remain unclear about the kind of future we are aiming at.

It is excellent to talk about the building of character, which 'implies developing the whole personality of individual boys and girls to enable them to take their place as full members of a free community', but the general lines of this future free community need to be more clearly laid down, since no honest person would maintain that it as yet exists. Only then will the full potentialities and resources of our younger generations be mobilised fully for the common benefit.

Communal Good Turns

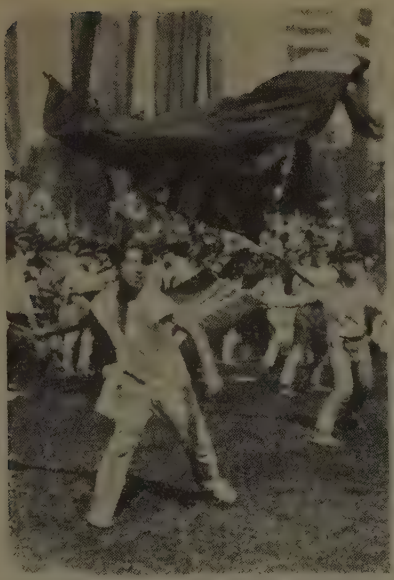
The desire to serve is there already. The enormous success of the Youth Service Corps in East Suffolk, a purely rural area, is witness to this fact. In less than six months since the first appeal went out Youth Service Squads have been formed in 153 out of 250 villages. These Squads, formed mainly of boys and girls under twenty and led by themselves, tackle a large variety of jobs of 'national service', ranging from catching rats and sparrows to helping old ladies in the black-out.

This may be good; but it is not enough. The very fact that there is this new and widespread response to all these schemes—Civil Defence Cadets, Air Training Corps, Youth Service Squads, and the various Badge Schemes—shows that the oncoming generations are awake to their responsibilities as never before. But through all these schemes we are only touching the fringes of the problem. The long term issue that will have to be faced is raised by a correspondent writing on the Hertfordshire Youth Squads in the *Times Educational Supplement*. 'In particular,' he writes, 'it is not easy to see how the enthusiasm aroused for war work can be translated into terms of peace.' This raises the essential question: How long is this enthusiasm going to last? What is going to be the long term inspiration that will keep the forces now being rallied interested?

Enthusiasm—for War?

In the middle of the last war, Lord Kitchener wrote to B.-P.: 'What a splendid thing this war is for you! The Scoutmaster can now show the boys the real meaning and value of all their training and the boys can see it for themselves.' Is the enthusiasm, then, to be fostered by the promise of future wars? This is the kind of enthusiasm that has been the inspiration of the Hitler youth.

A State-sponsored movement is not necessarily a bad thing in the abstract; it depends entirely on the social purpose of the state in question. But we should not fall into the error of assuming that we are beginning here the kind of youth movement that plays such a large part in China to-day, and that has played such an important part in critical moments of the history of other countries—on the side of Republican Spain during the Spanish War, in the Balkans, and in some of the South American countries.



In Japan Nationalism and Physical Culture go hand in hand. In the U.S.A., a clearing house for ideas, was held (in 1938) the second World Youth Congress, and the President's wife joined the delegates

During the Spanish War, the Anti-Fascist Youth Alliance, which had more than half a million members, actually formed its own Youth Battalions which went to the front as such and were integrated into the general army system. Generals—yes, military generals—under thirty were not uncommon, and I knew at least one general aged twenty-five. These youth battalions distinguished themselves for their heroism and daring. On the home front the girls of this youth movement played equally important parts, undertaking as an organised group great responsibilities for the maintenance of the social services, nursing, teaching, and performing many jobs normally carried on by men.

The majority of the leaders of this Anti-Fascist Youth Alliance were under twenty-five; many were under twenty-one when the war began. Here was a genuine youth movement in action; its members devoted their lives and twenty-four hours of the day for their common purposes. This was no affair of a few hours a week; the fabric of the lives of this generation in Spain was changed by the Anti-Fascist Youth Alliance, which participated in the crisis of the Spanish people as a veritable movement of youth.

The fusion of the common will and inspiration of that generation created something more than the mere sum total of the individuals in it. This spirit lives on in exile and is one of the great hopes for the future of Spain.

In China to-day we have a similar

phenomenon. Both the San Min Chu I Youth Corps (based on the Three Basic Principles of the Chinese People) and the various students' movements are playing a unique part in China to-day. In addition to all their actual war work the youth and students are playing the primary rôle in tackling the mass illiteracy that inevitably exists in a country of 450 million people but lately able to take advantage of modern civilisation. The youth and student movements run into millions of members and play a part as movements in the life of the country.

China Sets an Example

When you consider that dozens of the bombed universities and high schools are now re-established in the interior, that this involved thousands of young people actually crossing the Japanese lines, that the trek in many instances took a year and covered more than 2,000 miles, some idea of the fortitude of Chinese youth can be imagined. When the University of Nanking was evacuated to Chungking all available material was taken—even the cattle, sheep and pigs of the Department of Animal Husbandry were evacuated and took a year trotting slowly from Nanking to Chungking!

As a Chinese youth leader has said, 'The most important thing about China's youth in the present emergency is not so much what they are doing as what is happening to this whole generation in the process of doing these things.'

In other countries too youth and students have come to the fore in dramatic ways. In the Soviet Union youth has a chance to employ his talents to the full in service to the community—a Stakhanovite building worker may earn more than the managing director in the process! In Cuba there was once a 'Student Government', when a youthful party seized power temporarily, as is possible in that part of the world. On the Continent, youth and student movements have played a rôle unknown in England—among student movements in the Balkans, for instance, the influence of the students of Belgrade University can particularly be cited.

What is it that gives such dynamic force to these youth movements, a force which is still lacking in England? It is a consciousness that youth is playing its part, a unique and important part, in the struggle of their whole people towards a higher stage of society. It is clear that increased opportunities to enter the public schools and the organisation of Youth Service Corps will not provide this inspiration. No reforms in the field of education can change the society of which the educational system is and must always be a reflection. In any case education touches but one part of the life of the young person. In order to benefit fully he must live in a decent way; we must have a national minimum, social security for the whole family, good working conditions, hours of work that allow for adequate leisure, wages that allow an adequate standard of living.

There must be Vision

In the number of *World Review* to which I referred, the one young person who wrote raised the vital question of war aims. What are we really fighting for? Young men who went out to fight to end all wars twenty-five years ago, and who came back expecting to find homes and employment, were disillusioned. Those who are fighting to-day remember that experience.

4

MARTYRDOM OF MAN

by J. C. MASTERMAN

Winwood Reade set out to write a history of Africa. It turned into a history of the world that shocked the Victorians. Mr. Masterman is an Oxford don, a cricketer, and the author of two thrillers

WILLIAM Winwood Reade was born in 1838 and died in 1875. In 1872 he published *The Martyrdom of Man*, which, if it is not the best history of the world, is (at least in the view of some) the best introduction to Universal History which has yet been written. These are the bare facts; how should they be interpreted?

WINWOOD READE

For ordinary men and women the prime value of the study of history is that it vastly enlarges human experience. The true student forms his judgments, not upon the few and uncertain precedents of his lifetime, but upon the accumulated experience of the past. He learns the all-important habit of discriminating between the important and the trivial; he establishes for himself a true standard of values; he is not to be stampeded into magnifying unfortunate episodes into catastrophes. In short he gains judgment and balance and wisdom, all based not on the brief experience of a single lifetime but on the truths culled from many generations. If this is true of the study of history, how much more is it true of that of Universal history? And what task could be finer or nobler than that of the Universal Historian?

In many respects, and in spite of his youth, Winwood Reade was well fitted for the great enterprise which he undertook. The *Dictionary of National Biography* describes him tersely as 'traveller, novelist, and controversialist', a true but manifestly incomplete description. He left Oxford without a degree, his career as a novelist was unsuccessful, but his three journeys to Africa were all in their way remarkable.

In the first, originally undertaken in 1862 with a view to studying the nature and habits of the gorilla, he found his way to the Upper Gaboon and to the Congo. In the second, which began in 1869, he attempted to reach the source of the Niger and, though he failed in this object, he was successful in reaching the river at a point a hundred miles higher than had hitherto been reached by any European.

Between these two expeditions he had studied medicine for three years at St. Mary's Hospital, and had taken charge of the cholera hospital at Southampton. In 1873, in spite of broken health, he acted as *Times* correspondent in the Ashanti campaign and was the only civilian present at the taking of Coomassie.

This is the record of an active, even a feverish, life, but it gave him the necessary background for his history, for he saw life from many sides. He combined the activities of a writer with those of an explorer, and his study of religions was coupled with a sound, if not profound, knowledge of science. Above all he was endowed by Nature with the true scientific spirit—or, as some would prefer to call it, the Renaissance spirit—the desire, that is, to arrive at the truth, cost what it might, and the determination to accept nothing merely because it carried the seal of authority, but to admit only what could be tried and tested by experiment and by the intellect.

In the nature of things the Universal Historian cannot be an authority on all parts of his subject; he must draw from the best sources available to him; he dare not pause to verify by patient research the exact details of minor occurrences. His business is to paint in broad outline—to suggest and to stimulate, above all to select. 'The best history is like the art of Rembrandt; it throws a vivid light on certain selected causes, it leaves the rest in shadow or unseen'. All that Reade could and did do in *The Martyrdom of Man*.

Acorn and Tree

What then do we find in this book with its strange and haunting title? From the first the arrangement is to some extent complicated by the fact that the author set himself two tasks, and never, perhaps, finally decided which was the more important. He wished to describe Africa, and to show how it was connected with Universal History; he wished, also, 'to sketch in broad outline the human history itself'. Possibly this second task imposed itself upon him. '*In writing the history of Africa I am compelled to write the history of the world, in order that Africa's true position may be defined.*'

Divided by Four

He starts, therefore, in Chapter I, which is entitled *War*, with the history of Ancient Egypt, and from that starting point proceeds in a series of brilliant pictures to trace the histories of the past empires of Western Asia and of Greece, Carthage, and Rome.

In the second chapter, which he calls *Religion*, he returns to the savage world and explains the need for a creed and a religion. '*The mind of an ordinary man is in so imperfect a condition that it requires a creed: that is to say, a theory concerning the unknown and the unknowable in which it may place its deluded faith and be at rest.*' He then traces the growth of religion, and of the dogma of a single deity, through Abraham, the Bedouin sheik, Moses and Christ and Mahomet.

Chapter III is called *Liberty*, and describes the growth of the free peoples of Western Europe, the search for new worlds and the great rebellion against authority which gained its victories in the Reformation, the English, American, and French Revolutions, and the anti-slavery movement.

The fourth and last chapter is entitled *Intellect*, and it is characteristic of Reade that only at this point does he give his account of the beginnings of the world—an account which represents accurately enough the scientific knowledge of his day. '*If we go back to the beginning we find a world of gas, the atoms of which were kept asunder by excessive heat. Where did these atoms come from? How were they made? What were they made for? In reply to these questions theology is garrulous, but science is dumb.*'

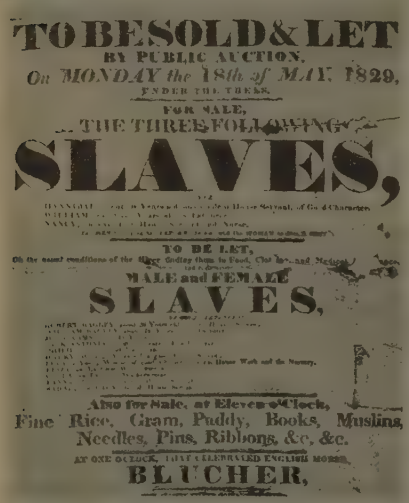
Winwood Reade divided his book into four chapters: (1) WAR. *The Egyptian army had companies of archers 'who shot from the ear like Englishmen of old'. The figures are from a tomb*

(2) RELIGION. *In England, when Reade was 12, Millais, aged 21, aroused controversy by painting this unconventional and humanised picture of Christ in the carpenter's shop*

After the origin of life, the first and insoluble mystery, the most remarkable event is the first glimmering of consciousness and reason. In Reade's theory there is no essential difference between the development of the body and that of the mind. Thus '*the Venus and the Apollo are ideals of the body; God is an ideal of the mind. Both are made by men*'. God is an image of the mind, ennobled and purified from generation to generation.

The course of his argument led Reade inevitably to reject the old faith and the ancient anchors. '*Supernatural Christianity is false. God worship is idolatry. Prayer is useless. The soul is not immortal. There are no rewards and there are no punishments in a future state.*' Yet this conclusion did not dismay him,

for he believed firmly in the future of the race. Peering into the future he saw a time when disease would be extirpated and immortality achieved; when men would master the forces of Nature and become creators or gods. That there


TO BE SOLD & LET
BY PUBLIC AUCTION.
On MONDAY the 18th of MAY 1829,
UNDER THE TREES.
FOR SALE,
THE THREE FOLLOWING
SLAVES,
TO BE LET,
MALE and FEMALE
SLAVES,
Also for Sale, at Eleven o'Clock,
Fine Rice, Gram, Puddy, Books, Muslins,
Needles, Pins, Ribbons, &c. &c.
BLUCHER,

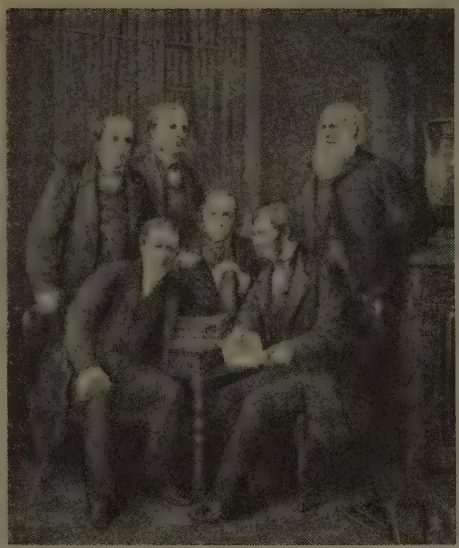
(3) LIBERTY. *Human liberty is still relative, but slavery has long since been abolished*

was a God, Reade firmly believed, but God was so great 'that He cannot be defined by us'.

Such is the content of this great book —what do we gain from it? It is beyond all doubt a great piece of literature, written in a style which combines the richness of Macaulay with something of the virility and vividness of Churchill. Adequate quotation would be impossible within the limits of this review, but no one who has read, to take a single instance, his account of the fall of Carthage is ever likely to forget that brilliant picture. He had too a rare gift of phrase and epigram. '*He was subjected to a rotation of kisses by the regulated science of the harem. Ceremony interdicted affection and caprice. He suffered from unvarying variety, and the monotony of eternal change.*' Could the misery of the life of an eastern potentate be better or more tersely put?

But Reade did more than write a vivid sketch of human history. More than any other writer he was responsible for freeing us from the thraldom of the professional specialist, for he saw the history of Greek and Roman culture not as the very fount and origin of all civilisation, but in its proper place as an episode in universal history. If histories may be roughly divided into those which display the result of expert knowledge, and those which stimulate and excite and urge to further study, then the *Martyrdom of Man* may be regarded as a supreme example of the latter class.

Why then, with all these merits, is the book so little known? Why is it not, as it should be, a classic with which all educated people are at least acquainted? The answer, alas, is only too clear. Disraeli has a phrase about the 'suppressed characters' of history—the men whose reputations have sunk into a semi-oblivion and whose pathetic fate it has been to be forgotten almost before they begin to be remembered. Equally tragic is the fate of the suppressed book —especially when that book happens to be a masterpiece. *The Martyrdom of Man* was suppressed, in the Disraelian sense, because it offended the religious susceptibilities of the time in which it was written. In two columns in the *Dictionary of National Biography* the author of the article on Reade mentions the book only to say of it 'in this work the author does not attempt to conceal his atheistical opinions'. Just that and nothing more! Futility and misunderstanding could no further go. For Reade



(4) INTELLECT.
This massive photographic representation of Victorian great minds shows (from left to right) John Stuart Mill, Charles Lamb, Charles Kingsley, Herbert Spencer, John Ruskin and Charles Darwin

was in no true sense an atheist; he believed profoundly and passionately in the existence of a Supreme Being, in fact of God. But he did not believe in the contemporary Christianity of his day, and, unfortunately, he allowed his attack upon it to become at times bitter and unseemly.

And finally what did he achieve?

'Il fare un libro è meno che niente,
Se il libro fatto non rifà la gente.'

Tried by that acid test the book does not fail. It is true enough that Reade cut ruthlessly through many of the life-lines by which men attach themselves to hope and happiness—prayer and the future life and the divinity of Christ. But he left them, instead, the hope or, as he thought, the certainty of a mighty future—not for the individual but for the human race. Perhaps it was a doctrine too stark and grim for ordinary minds, but it had at least a grandeur all its own. '*The soul must be sacrificed; the hope in immortality must die. A sweet and charming illusion must be taken from the human race, as youth and beauty vanish never to return.*'

If our own prosperity is founded on the agonies of the past, so we must expect to suffer for the benefit of those that are to come. At that conclusion, both tragic and grand, other minds have arrived in these days. Reade himself reached it as a result of his experience and his studies, for he, perhaps earlier than any other man, realised the sweep and magnificence of Universal History.

CAN HITLER **BUILD** A NAVY?

VON TIRPITZ—
THE MAN WHO BUILT
THE FIRST GERMAN NAVY

THE other day I received a letter—smuggled out of Denmark. It came to me via Sweden and the States, and had this postscript: 'For God's sake get the R.A.F. to bomb Burmeister and Wains.'

What is this place? It is a shipbuilding yard in Copenhagen—one of the biggest shipbuilding yards in the world: one of the scores of big shipyards which Hitler grabbed in his all-embracing arms. And the postscript to the letter opens up a grave question. Can Hitler build a Navy?

He can build aeroplanes, U-boats, tanks, guns. And—if he chooses and can get the materials—he can build battleships, cruisers, destroyers too. He has at his command now incomparable shipbuilding resources—the mighty docks and yards of Germany itself, of Norway, Holland, Belgium, Denmark and France.

Let us analyse the productive capacity of the yards under his rule. In 1938 the world built a total of 3,033,593 tons of shipping—Great Britain's share being the huge one of 1,030,375 tons.

But see what tonnage of ships the enemy and occupied countries (I purposely exclude France) built:

Germany	480,797
Denmark	158,430
Holland	239,845
Italy	93,503
Norway	54,654
Belgium	30,197
Danzig	25,080
	1,082,506 tons

Under Nazi overlords their productive capacity will increase enormously. Germany alone has 57 shipyards which must now be stepped up to a total productive capacity of nearly a million tons a year. (Ours has gone up too, of course.)

As long as ten years ago the Germans experimented on mass-produced ships when they formed a mysterious organization called Deutsche Werke, with headquarters nominally at Hamburg. The building of the ships is spread over a vast organization. Parts are made in the gigantic German arsenals; and by mass production methods one batch of 8,000 men, split in various places, can build eight 10,000-ton ships simultaneously. These methods will surely be applied to occupied countries.

What has Germany gained in these countries? She has gained most in Holland, where at least a dozen yards have experience of warship construction, apart from five others that have built submarines in recent years. All together there are about forty shipbuilding yards in Holland. Some are small, but if they concentrated on U-boats, 140 boats could be on the stocks at once. *In Holland alone!*

The most important works on the engineering side is the Rotterdam Dockyard Company, which can produce engines with an aggregate of 120,000 horse-power a year. Several others are nearly as big.

Holland has no single engine works with an output like the gigantic Burmeister and Wain plant in Denmark, but all together it can produce more. One big raid on the concentrated Danish yard would wreak havoc. There are nearly a dozen other yards on the coast of this peaceful little country.

So the list goes on. Norway has building yards at twenty ports, some large, some very small, but all useful. Belgium has eighteen points where vessels can be built, while Italy's ship-building tonnage in 1938 *exceeded the total of the four previous years,* and that figure is still springing upwards.

We can hope that a lot of these yards are out of commission; we can hope that the Nazis are short of some vital materials, and so cannot build as they would wish; we can hope for sabotage.

But we must also remember that Hitler has a nasty habit of springing surprises which we have never attempted to foresee.

NOEL BARBER

Breaking an Atom's Heart

by W. B. MANN

A recent issue of 'World Review' contained an artist's impression of the Cyclotron, the device for smashing atomic nuclei. Since then the American scientist who invented it, Professor E. O. Lawrence, has received the Duddell Medal of the Physical Society, an honour which, following the awards of the Comstock Prize of the American National Academy of Science, the Hughes medal of the Royal Society, and the Nobel Prize, has served to attract public attention to this new tool of atomic physics, and it is the purpose of this article by Dr. Mann, who is a Lecturer in Physics at the Imperial College, to describe, as simply and as briefly as possible, how it works

'ATOM smashing' is fast becoming a trite phrase which seems to command, amongst many people, far more respect than it deserves. Less ambiguous is the more conservative and aptly descriptive term, *nuclear transformations*, which refers to the changes which occur to the nuclei of atoms when they are bombarded, either by atomic projectiles or by radiation of high energy. To effect such nuclear transformations it is necessary to penetrate the protective electric field of the nucleus by means of atoms accelerated to quite large velocities.

The bombardment of the nucleus of a heavy element with, say, fast-moving hydrogen atoms, is rather analogous to dropping pebbles from a considerable height on to a rubber ball. Many of the pebbles will miss the ball completely, just as a great many hydrogen atoms completely fail to effect a nuclear collision. Other pebbles will strike the ball to one side and glance off; in the nuclear case some hydrogen atoms pass near to the heavy nucleus and are deflected. A few of the pebbles, however, will make what is well known to-day as 'a direct hit', and will be reflected back, that is, vertically upwards, toward the point from which they have been dropped.

The nuclear case is precisely analogous, the hydrogen atoms of low energy making direct hits being scattered back in a direction opposite to that from which they came.

In order to penetrate the ball, or nucleus, and to effect a change or transformation, it is necessary to increase the impact velocity of our projectile. In the case of the rubber ball and pebble the impact velocity of the latter can be increased by dropping it from a greater height, which is equivalent to increasing the gravitational potential through which it has been accelerated. The acceleration of the pebbles is effected by means of the gravitational field; the acceleration of the hydrogen nuclei by means of an electric field.

Thus to increase the impact velocity of the hydrogen nuclei it is necessary to increase the electrical potential through which they fall, or, in other words, to

apply ever larger voltages to the discharge tube in which they are being accelerated.

In 1919 the late Lord Rutherford, using the naturally occurring fast-moving helium nuclei, emitted from radium, with which to bombard nitrogen, observed, for the first time, the phenomenon of transmutation, a very small percentage of the nitrogen nuclei being changed into oxygen. Thereafter it became imperative to produce in the laboratory, by artificial means, fast-moving atomic projectiles, and one of the quests of the experimental nuclear physicist in recent years has, therefore, been for methods of producing ever higher voltages for nuclear bombardment and nuclear investigation.

For just as the height from which it is necessary to drop the pebble, in order to rupture the rubber ball, will give us some information regarding the properties of the ball, so too do the different results of nuclear bombardment give us information regarding the constitution of the nucleus.

The methods evolved as a result of the investigations undertaken fall into two main categories.

The first category is that of methods in which a large voltage, of a million or so volts, is produced and is then used directly to accelerate the bombarding nuclei.

To the second category belong those indirect methods in which the bombarding nuclei are accelerated consecutively through a *very large number* of much smaller differences in electrical potential, of, say, the order of fifty to a hundred thousand volts. To this second category the cyclotron, devised by Professor Lawrence, belongs.

To understand this more clearly, it will probably be necessary to revert to analogues in the form of more tangible 'nuclei', such as balls or pebbles. Suppose, for example, that a tennis ball be taken to represent the atomic projectile which it is desired to accelerate. In the act of serving, the tennis ball has energy imparted to it and, normally, travels with a quite considerable velocity across the net and into the opposite court. This process is analogous to the first category of methods for accelerating atomic projectiles.

The energy is imparted in one process, and the ultimate velocity of, say, the tennis ball is entirely dependent upon the effort which the player puts into his service, and his maximum effort conditions the maximum velocity of the ball. A roughly analogous statement is true in the atomic case. In the direct method of accelerating nuclei their maximum velocity is conditioned by the maximum voltage obtainable, by means of the Van der Graaff electrostatic generator, some five million volts.

To obtain an analogy for the second category, to which the cyclotron belongs, it will be necessary to invent a new game of tennis. But first let us consider what happens when two players just volley the ball back and forth across the net. The ball has a certain velocity imparted to it by the first player. The second player brings the ball to rest and imparts to it an approximately equal velocity in the opposite direction. Thus the ball crosses and re-crosses the net with approximately equal velocities, that is to say, with approximately the same kinetic energy. Thus so long as the ball is kept in play it will continue to pass back and forth across the net, having roughly the same kinetic energy at the instant it passes over the net in either direction, the efforts of the players

Horace Bristol

Professor E. O. Lawrence makes an adjustment between the pole-pieces of his 80-ton cyclotron

4

merely going to change its direction of flight.

This is analogous to the atomic case in which a nucleus, say, an ionised hydrogen atom, is accelerated back and forth between two electrodes to which are applied a source of alternating voltage. The nucleus cannot gain in either direction more energy than is represented by the effective electric field acting in that direction. As the field changes the hydrogen atom is brought to rest and then accelerated again in the *opposite direction.*

In the cyclotron a high-frequency alternating electric field is used, however, in conjunction with a magnetic field, in such a way that the particles are given a series of accelerations, *but all in the same sense,* in such a way that the impulses are additive and not mutually destructive.

To achieve this, two semicircular cylindrical electrodes are supported inside an evacuated chamber between the pole pieces of a powerful electromagnet. The electric and magnetic fields are thus so disposed that they act on the ionised atoms at right angles and under these conditions the accelerated atoms move not in *linear* but along *circular* paths.

The more clearly to understand this, let us return to the game of tennis, or rather to the new game of tennis which we must now invent. Suppose that the ball is tied by means of a string to the top of the net and midway between the posts. The two players now take their stance in their left-hand courts close to the net and at a suitable distance from the centre of the net so that they may conveniently strike the ball as it passes over the net with the string fully extended. Let us imagine that the net stretches from east to west and that one player is standing on the north and the other on the south side of the net.

One player, 'North', say, now starts the game by striking the ball across the net from north to south. The ball, on account of the restraint imposed by the string, moves in a circle and re-crosses the net from south to north, and at that instant the second player, 'South', strikes it, imparting to it *additional* velocity from south to north. Again the ball moves in a circle and crosses the net again passing the first player, 'North', in a direction from north to south. Again 'North' strikes the ball, imparting to it still more energy. 'North' and 'South' are still striking in *opposite* directions, but are no longer expending energy in bringing the ball to rest.

The strokes are now *all in the same sense,* in such a way that the impulses are additive and not mutually destructive. The ball thus crosses and re-crosses the net with *ever increasing velocity.* On account of this increase in velocity, however, the ball, which is describing a circle of constant radius, does so in an ever decreasing time, with the result that 'North' and 'South' will have to strike at it at an ever increasing rate.

This example is, therefore, not exactly analogous to the case of an alternating voltage, in which the impulses are applied at quite regular intervals. Let us replace, however, our string by an elastic thread of appropriate strength. The ball, since it travels with an ever increasing velocity, and an ever increasing centrifugal force, will extend the elastic thread and will now travel, not in a circle of constant radius, but in a series of semicircles of ever increasing radius. By choosing a thread of appropriate elasticity, the increase in

radius will exactly compensate for the increase in velocity and the ball will cross and re-cross the net at exactly regular intervals of time.

In the cyclotron the atomic particles move in circles on account of the magnetic field, crossing and re-crossing the gap between the electrodes and gaining energy at each traversal of the gap. They thus travel with *ever increasing velocity* in semicircles of ever increasing radius until they finally emerge from the periphery of the vacuum chamber.

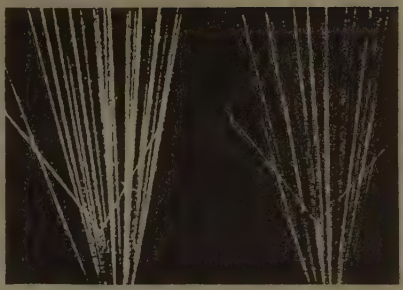
With the latest Berkeley cyclotron, weighing some 200 tons, ionised atoms of heavy hydrogen have been obtained having energies equivalent to a total acceleration through 16 million volts.

Many experiments have already been performed using, either directly or indirectly, these very energetic atoms.

When, for instance, they were used to bombard beryllium very penetrating uncharged particles were emitted. These particles, known as *neutrons*, can penetrate several feet of matter, and, besides being used to gain information about other atomic nuclei, have been employed experimentally for cancer treatment.

A great number of the stable elements when bombarded are converted into unstable forms of some stable element and disintegrate spontaneously at some subsequent time, emitting either radiation or positive or negative electrons. Thus phosphorus when it is bombarded with heavy hydrogen ions is converted into an unstable or radioactive form of phosphorus. This radioactive phosphorus has been used experimentally at Berkeley in leukæmia treatment.

Experiments on both leukæmia and the neutron irradiation of cancer tumours have shown promising results.



This extraordinary photograph shows an atom in flight. Swift helium atoms in helium gas are visible because they carry tiny moisture drops. The forked tracks show that an 'alpha-particle' has hit the nucleus of an helium atom

In addition to these direct applications of the cyclotron to medicine and the immediate applications to physics, radioactive forms of the elements which have been prepared by means of the cyclotron have been applied with outstanding success to the study of metabolism and allied problems in biology.

Without going into any detail, it may be stated that the presence of a radioactive substance can easily be detected by electrical methods. Thus, if radioactive phosphorus be fed to an animal its subsequent appearance in any organ or any part of the skeleton of the animal can readily be detected, and the amount present determined. Thus, by feeding radioactive phosphorus or iron to an animal the metabolism of phosphorus or iron and iron's relation to anæmia have been investigated.

The implications of this powerful method of research are tremendous, and many years of fruitful investigation lie ahead in these and allied fields.

By the inception and subsequent development of the cyclotron Professor Lawrence has given to experimental physics a new and powerful tool, the ramifications of which extend into many other regions of scientific activity.

Matsuoka of the Black Trilby

by NORMAN HILLSON

An eccentric and disquieting figure is Yosuke Matsuoka, the Japanese Foreign Minister. Norman Hillson recalls the queer figure that he cut at Geneva

A LITTLE while ago the Emperor of Japan, the Sun of Heaven, decreed that visitors to his Imperial Palace in Tokyo need no longer wear the formal tall silk hat when they pay their respects to his house and sign the book. It is a decree that should appeal strongly to Yosuke Matsuoka, Foreign Minister in the Konoye Cabinet, for the very good reason that he looks supremely ridiculous in a topper and knows it. The headgear in which this little middle-aged man with dark eyes and Charlie Chaplin moustache fancies himself is the black trilby. His trilby became the most sinister thing in Geneva. Now it casts a doubtful shadow on the Japanese scene.

For Yosuke Matsuoka is the mystery man of the Orient; a riot of the unexpected and insincere. Not only Australia and New Zealand, but many other states in the East, may yet have reason to dread the plausible crookedness of this erstwhile railway engineer's conception of foreign policy.

When, on the night of September 18-19, 1931, the mysterious shot was fired on the railway at Mukden that led to the Japanese invasion of inner Manchuria, and the establishment of the puppet state of Manchukuo, Yosuke Matsuoka was a successful business man. He had wide connections, both in Nippon proper and on the mainland, and was largely interested in that same South Manchurian railway that was to be one of the chief factors in the long war that still shows no signs of ending, between Japan and China.

He had travelled a good deal, especially in America. In America he picked up a smattering of English and, although his accent was devastating and his vocabulary limited, he fancied himself as a linguist. As a linguist, indeed, he made a considerable impression on ministerial circles in Tokyo, and when the Manchurian incident became a world issue he was chosen to represent his country at Geneva, in the discussion of what became known as the Sino-Japanese dispute.

So numerous were the experts, secretaries, and hangers-on that accompanied him that they filled one of the largest hotels in Geneva—the Metropole. And from the day of their arrival they set the pace for gay life in the League city. Although at that time the *yen* was at a very severe discount, money considerations did not enter the head of the chief Japanese delegate and his entourage. Half a dozen luxury cars were bought for the more important, and half a dozen smaller cars for the less important, members of the delegation. Every night there was a banquet. Each day the cables worked overtime between Geneva and Tokyo. The extent of the telegraphic fees caused even the hard-boiled post office officials in the city to wonder.

All the time Matsuoka moved among his delegation like a cat, and among the delegates in the *Salle des Pas Perdus* of the League building like a lynx. He was invariably accompanied by a retinue of four or five, prominent among them a lanky American journalist with alleged experience of Manchuria, employed to draft the speeches. No doubt in their original form they were admirable speeches, but unhappily Matsuoka had a disconcerting habit of changing his mind at the last minute with sometimes terrifying results.

It was at Geneva that I first came into contact with this strange being. He had to fight in debate not only a hostile Assembly and Council, but also four redoubtable Chinese diplomats, each of whom spoke perfect English. In the delegation were several men who had been at Oxford or Cambridge and who spoke excellent French and German. Yet throughout the discussions the Conference had perforce to listen for hours to Matsuoka himself as he struggled along in often unintelligible phrases.

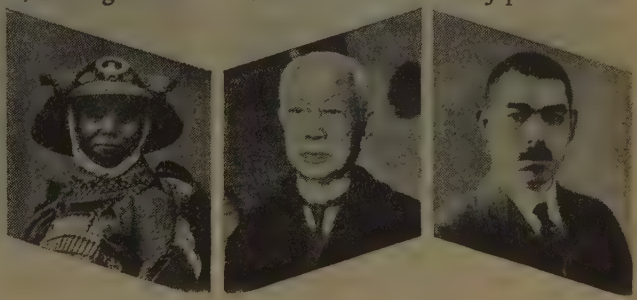
In all the history of the League, few men set the assembled delegates more by the ears than this Oriental. In the ordinary way he ate sparingly, and he liked to find solace in a game of bridge which he played moderately well. But occasionally he would break out. Then you would see him walking about the hotel public rooms with a bottle of *aqua vitae* in his hand, inviting all and sundry to drink with him. On such occasions he would appear in a distinctive brown kimono, and when this garment was taken from its peg, his entourage was fearfully aware that the following morning would produce some more than usually devastating indiscretion.

Matsuoka is a professed Christian, and with the assumption of the brown kimono his thoughts always moved towards Biblical parallels. On one of the mornings after a 'brown kimono' evening, he delivered himself as follows:

'*Suppose that public opinion were so absolutely against Japan as some people try to make out, are you sure that so-called public opinion will persist for ever and never change? Humanity crucified Jesus of Nazareth two thousand years ago. And to-day? Can any of you assure me that the so-called world opinion can make no mistake? We Japanese people feel that we are now put on trial. Some of the people in Europe and America may wish even to crucify Japan in the twentieth century. Gentlemen, Japan stands ready to be crucified. But we do believe that, in a very few years, world opinion will be changed and that we also shall be understood by the world as Jesus of Nazareth was.*'

In my long experience of Geneva and the League, I do not recall any occasion on which the Assembly was so shocked as by this peroration.

It was the next day, as I remember, that he declared that China was like the lion in the fable and Japan was the



Three stages of Japan's rise—or fall: (1) Her first ambassador to Europe, 1862, (2) An elder statesman, who died recently, Prince Kimmochi Saionji; (3) Matsuoka—without his black trilby

lamb. Then he added: 'But you will find Japan is not a timid lamb.'

Matsuoka and his little army left Geneva one Saturday afternoon after the Assembly had condemned Japanese aggression in no uncertain voice, and no one saw the party off. During the long journey home he visited many places and met many people. He was received by Lord Hailsham, then War Secretary. He was entertained by Lord McGowan, head of I.C.I. At Manchester he was fêted by many business men whom he flattered with: 'I have been a diplomat lately, but really I am a business man, and you gentlemen impress me as masters ought to impress their pupils.'

Hitler did not impress him

He told Mussolini that Japanese policy would never be based on force, and after a visit to Hitler stated that he was not greatly impressed either by the Fuehrer or the bits of Germany he had seen.

Before he left Europe he made this significant statement: 'Japan cannot stand alone. She must turn either to Great Britain and the United States, or to Soviet Russia, for friendship. We prefer the former, but if they spurn us we must of necessity look to Russia.' Then he added, as an afterthought—'or elsewhere.'

In the United States he visited arsenals and munition plants.

Arrived at Tokyo, he was fêted, to his great surprise, as a national hero, as the man who had put forward Japan's case before a hostile world with steadfastness and courage.

Then for a time he disappeared into the background. He returned to public life with rousing jingo speeches to Japanese youth of a jingo character.

'Japan will never be a vassal state,' he said. And 'Japan will never give up the mandated islands. They are Japanese territory henceforth. Let Geneva keep its mouth shut for evermore.' And more in like strain.

In 1935 he became President of the South Manchurian Railway, and from Mukden began his campaign against the Parliamentary system of government. He openly declared that he was out to make Japan a Fascist state. Always his appeal was to hot-headed youth. His speeches might almost have been written by Hitler.

Since last July, when Prince Konoye appointed him Foreign Minister, he has not attempted to conceal his sentiments. They are not friendly to Australia, to Britain, or to any democracy. He has made it quite plain that if the war should take a turn unfavourable to Germany and Italy, Japan must be prepared to assist them. He said this at the time of the mass celebrations of the conclusion of the Japanese-Axis alliance. He added that the dictators would win and he was glad, because they had recognised the principle of *hakko ichiu*—the eight corners of the universe under one roof, or, in other words, the whole world one family.

Hakko Ichiu

'We three nations,' concluded this strange being, 'would be very glad to welcome any other Powers, whether it were the United States or another, if they should desire to join us in the spirit of *hakko ichiu*. However, we are firmly determined to eliminate any nation that may obstruct *hakko ichiu*.'

Such is this ex-railway magnate become Japanese Foreign Minister. Once more he leads his secretariat through the corridors. Once more he puts on that black trilby hat which he likes so much.

4

Culture In Khaki

by EDWARD THOMPSON

At all costs an army that is not actively fighting must be saved from boredom—entertainment it gets in plenty, but entertainment is not enough. Edward Thompson urges the need for a 'Room with a Fire' where men can 'discuss and consider the things that make civilisation'

THERE is nothing wrong with the brains of the army of to-day. But it is impossible to work with it, and to try above all to work at education in it, without realising that we are a less educated nation in 1941 than we were in 1914. We know about volts and mechanical power, about planes and cars and engines. But for the last twenty years civilisation—except in its mechanical aspects—has been dying.

For one thing, organised religion has been fading out from our thought and practice. There were faults and shortcomings in plenty in religion as our fathers knew it. But it did mean that a knowledge of the Bible was generally diffused, and the Bible is at least great literature—literature, moreover, that for millenniums has gathered about it an immense deposit of emotion and tradition.

All the passionate and intellectual life, that once went deep into our remotest villages, stirring men's hearts and brains, has finished. There is nothing national about religion to-day, and to the vast majority it is at best a respectable eccentricity.

Politics also, thirty years ago, were a means of education, always in being and always exercising men's thoughts. Issues were debated in homes where to-day politics are dismissed as something whose gist will sooner or later be seen in the popular newspapers' headlines and can be passed by, to get at the news which matters.

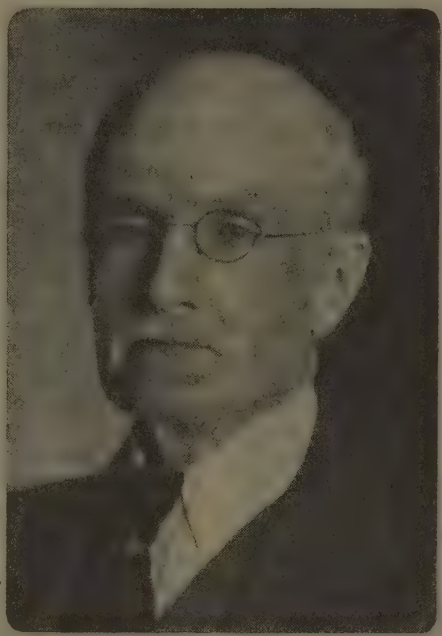
Almost the worst corrosion of our spirits to-day, among those who still care about political issues, is our sense of helplessness, driven in by the disastrous years which have brought us where we are. We had to watch, and to go on watching, policies which seemed to be plainly set for world conflagration, and we could do nothing. And so mental life narrowed here also, as it narrowed on its religious side.

Since the vast majority closed their schooldays at thirteen years of age, their knowledge of books was mainly experience of drudgery and boredom. Those who had the ambition to be leaders had perforce to continue with books, and learnt to love them. The biographies of the first Labour leaders tell of patient study, by candlelight in mines or in the first hour of dawn. Does anyone feel this bookishness in our Labour leaders of to-day?

Finally, the wireless came, and the cinema. Your news could be got in snippets and flashed pictures: your information in brief talks which you heard while continuing a conversation or a game: and by the two means together

you could be as knowledgeable as the next person. The value that mattered above all others was entertainment value, and the personalities that were vital and fascinating were film stars or the Dionne Quins. The flicks brought these personalities close to your daily life, and your age took on an apparent vividness, as you saw them walk and heard their voices. Books belonged to the past, and what did books matter, anyway? Books were dead, Mae West and the Quins were alive.

Our problem is a mass problem, and weighted down with the heritage of these last twenty years. The army authorities, inevitably and rightly, must approach it from the standpoint of morale and the men's spirit. At all costs, an army that is not actively fighting must be saved from boredom. It demands entertainment, and entertainment it gets. There are areas where circumstances make this difficult. But in the areas where men are training these circumstances do not exist.



'Dr. Gilbert Murray will lecture in the Garrison Gymnasium on Greece . . .'

I think of one large camp, one of very many in the same case. The men have two cinemas (with, for the most part, films of poor quality), a theatre, numerous visiting concert parties, two dances and two boxing shows a week, the Y.M.C.A., several institutes run by religious bodies; and can hear also the B.B.C. programme for the forces. But education? As the O.C. summed up to me, it is 'damn all'.

But these are the lucky camps. There are innumerable small units, anti-aircraft groups, engineers, and others, who are scattered widely and have nothing. It is these who are suffering from boredom. And it is these who give us our chance to keep civilisation alive until the day of re-making it, and even to extend it and deepen it.

Also, there is a still considerable proportion of men who are not interested in the kind of films that are shown and do not even go much to Y.M.C.A.'s. These men are very lonely, and are eager for some mental existence.

They are of all kinds and all trades. One group I have got to know well contains men who, a year ago, were undergraduates, secondary schoolmasters, W.E.A. workers, University Extension and L.C.C. lecturers, solicitors, estate agents, fitters, engineers and a butcher's assistant. Not one of them is commissioned, but every man has a head on him. Discussions are always on a level that demands the very best any man can bring to them, and everyone

is eager to know all he can and to think as clearly as he can be helped to think. Not one 'believes in fairies'.

That is an exceptional group. The room where they meet will hold about twenty, but has on occasion crushed in twice that number, with others turned away. But the nucleus of such groups exists everywhere. It is merely a question of getting a first hearing, by men who know something and care passionately about it, and can make others care about it. When you get your group, they will do most of the work for you, and the range and variety of experience they possess when all is pooled makes them a 'university' such as Oxford was when it began —with students who ruled out nothing as outside their interests and were determined to get closer to truth of every kind.

'Mae West and the Quins were alive'

We must have all over this kingdom our whole-time lecturers and leaders. 'Education', as the conditions demand it, must be mainly of the University Extension kind. And you need two kinds of lectures, and two kinds of lecturers.

First, for the small scattered units and for groups of men whose previous training has been almost solely unbookish, you need men who can begin by making their lectures uncomplicated and on the level of a small number of ideas presented very clearly and simply. But there are other groups for whom the very best that the best men could give in the classrooms of any University in the world is not too good. As for the lecturers, you want the man who can handle an audience from the platform, and the man who may be useless on a platform but is excellent with a group in discussion.

You must also take hold of your outside conditions. Someone must get a say in the films that are shown to men who at present have no sort of choice as to what they are to see. Wild West shows and thrillers have their use. But a cinema which does not stray beyond them makes a wretched use of the film. And since the film, more than any other agency, has swung the attention of a whole generation away from literature and the world's past, it is the film that must help to rebuild the civilisation it has destroyed.

There must be some authority somewhere, who can get at the people who choose the films to be shown to a nation in arms, and can persuade them to select films that prove what an artistic

medium the film can be and that provoke thought, rather than lull it asleep.

But, above all, we must have at the heart of this nation-wide educational effort men who are aware of the past and know that they must seize this fleeting chance to pass on its riches. I have said that organised religion has been dying out.

We need the 1941 equivalent of the old Toc H—'all rank abandon, ye who enter here'.

Interludes of Escape

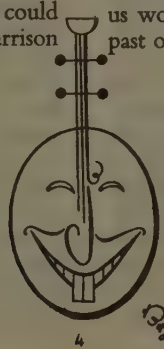
We need, wherever we can get it, a Room with a Fire. A room where any one, whatever his rank, so long as he cares about the life of the mind, is welcome whenever he can escape for an evening from his duties. Here, there should be neither heresy nor orthodoxy, neither 'Left' nor 'Right', but freedom for all to discuss and consider the things that make civilisation. This room with a fire should have as its guardian some one man to hold it together, since men come and go in time of war, complete their training and are sent elsewhere. But the influence of the friendships formed here, of the enthusiasms felt here, would last while life lasted, and in a few weeks a whole outlook could be changed. The room would be a centre for visitors from outside.

If the visitor could lecture he could have his larger audience in the garrison gymnasium or theatre, and in this room meet those who wanted to go further and deeper than a public lecture could enable them to do. But he might be—often should be—a man who by merely making personal contact with the men who are serving would do and receive good.

On The Notice Board

To make what I hope for definite and concrete, I should like to be able to publish in Orders such notices as these: 'Dr. Gilbert Murray will lecture, in the Garrison Gymnasium, on Greece and What It Means to the World, at 7.30 on Friday next, and next evening will be present at [our Toc H, 1941 style] between 6 and 10, to meet those who are interested in the studies for which his name is known.' 'Dr. J. J. Mallon, Warden of Toynbee Hall': 'Mr. David Low, the cartoonist': 'Miss Rebecca West, the novelist and critic' (for I want to enable the best minds among our women leaders to meet those who are training for war)—such speakers as these, and the list is a very large one, should go into Orders as lecturing or (and) available for private conversation.

My own generation are nearing the end of our work and time, but in this manner whatever we know and have of value could be passed on by our hands, and the post-war generation through us would be in touch with the whole past of our people.



GEORGE FORMBY as seen by OSCAR BERGER

Many-sided Masaryk

by GEORGE SOLOVEYTCHIK

The son of the maker of independent Czechoslovakia is now Foreign Minister to President Beneš's Free Czech Government in London. Versatile, friendly, witty, 'the flower of European culture and true democracy', he has been everything from a labourer to a music critic. May we introduce him?

THE statesmen and diplomats of Europe's so-called 'Great Democracies' have not covered themselves with glory during the last decade or two. It would be instructive to probe the secrets of destiny which throughout the years of decision made mediocrity the key to political success, and zealously prevented men of brains, talent, vision, and character from asserting themselves. A survey of Europe might also explain perhaps why it was given to some of the smaller and younger nations to throw up a few leaders of genuine greatness—statesmen who but for the tragic handicap of birth in, say, a Danubian, or a Scandinavian country, could have saved civilisation from its doom.

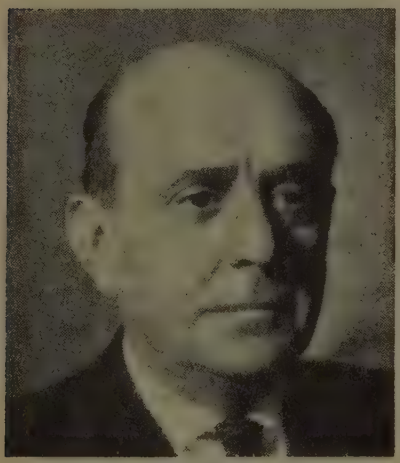
My friend, Jan Masaryk, would be profoundly shocked and horrified if he heard me say that in scanning the horizon for such men of action and of vision I put him down as No. 1 on my list. To begin with, he would deny that he is either a statesman or a diplomat. 'Because I could strum the piano and speak English they sent me to London twenty years ago, and here I still am', he once said to me. This modesty is entirely genuine and in absolute conformity with the character of the man. Nothing would please him better than to be able to retire into private life as soon as victory over Germany has been won. Indeed, he would have left the political and diplomatic stage long before now, were it not for a profound sense of duty to his people and his passionate attachment to the cause of humanity and civilisation.

Let me try to indicate why I consider this prematurely bald, somewhat eccentric man of 55 as a great and indispensable constructive force in the Europe of to-morrow. To begin with, Jan Masaryk represents the most astonishing symbiosis of European culture. He is also a man of action—virile, versatile, experienced, and essentially progressive. Finally, and this is not the least of his outstanding qualities, he is a man with no national, racial, religious, or class prejudices of any kind.

Born in Prague, the son of a Slovak father and an American mother (who was herself of Danish and French Huguenot extraction), Jan imbibed from his earliest childhood a blend of Slav, Germanic, Latin, and Anglo-Saxon culture. He was brought up in an atmosphere of enlightenment and devotion to progress, justice, civic duty, and cultivation of the arts. An excellent pianist himself, he was, at the ridiculous age of 12, musical critic of a Prague newspaper. Upon completing his public school studies in his native city, he

did not go to a University but took himself off to America instead, where he 'bummed around' for a while.

Old Mr. Charles Crane, the millionaire industrialist, philanthropist and friend of all the Slav races, gave him a job in his Valve Manufacturing Company in Chicago. Jan began as an ordinary iron moulder, worked his way through all the departments, and



JAN MASARYK

'Man of Action and Vision No. 1'

finally ended up in charge of Social Welfare. This gave him a chance to study at close quarters the various alien workmen—mostly Czechs, Poles, Italians and Russians—who were employed by Mr. Crane. It also accounts for his astonishing linguistic propensities and knowledge of the history, art, literature, and music of most of the European countries. He speaks perfect German, French, Polish, Italian, good Russian, a bit of Yiddish, and every conceivable Slavonic vernacular of Danubian Europe. Not to mention, of course, Czech, Slovak, English, and American. Having been a manual labourer, he is accustomed to hard work.

Just before the last War Jan returned to Europe, having spent eight years in the U.S.A. He became a dashing officer in the Imperial Austro-Hungarian Army at the very time when his father, in voluntary exile, was organising the future Czechoslovak Republic and was wanted as a 'traitor' by the Austrian authorities. When the War was over he immediately joined old Professor Masaryk in Prague and, much to his own surprise, found himself a diplomat. In 1919–20 he represented the newly-created Czechoslovak state as *Chargé d'Affaires* in Washington. At the same time old Mr. Crane's son, Richard, was appointed U.S.A. Minister in Prague. The sentimental link was further enhanced by Jan marrying his former employer's daughter, so that the two diplomats were now not only old friends but brothers-in-law. The marriage, incidentally, did not last, but Jan's friendship with the Crane family has continued through all these years.

In 1921 he came to London for a couple of years as Counsellor, and returned in 1925 as Minister. Thus during the last twenty years he has lived almost continuously in this country. It is no exaggeration to say that his position not merely in London society, but with the British public, is unique. He has established friendships as numerous as they are variegated, which go far beyond the traditional government and diplomatic circles. They include not only Mayfair and 'café society', but also 'Chelsea' and 'Bloomsbury', the Universities and the Church, the City and the Press.

This popularity is hardly surprising when you ponder his unusual range of

social qualities. Tall, good-looking, temperamental and with tremendous vitality. Musical. A witty, quick and expressive speaker, an unequalled conversationalist and raconteur. A delightful host and an invaluable guest, certain to make any party a success—especially if it is not too large a gathering. I know of a certain family of new-rich social climbers who, in happier days, paid a third party a very substantial sum of money for asking them to dinner with 'young Masaryk'. It was so nice to be able to refer to him as an acquaintance, to invite him, to quote his biting witticisms.

Diplomacy without Frills

No one can describe a situation or lampoon some imbecility quite so plastically as Jan Masaryk. He is a born actor. His face, his hands, the whole of his body is brought into play, and the picture thus created is unforgettable. He is a man who calls Cabinet ministers, fellow-diplomats, British and foreign royalties as well as a host of lovely women, by their Christian names. A diplomat with a complete and utter disregard for all the conventionalities of his *métier*. I remember how when at one of our earliest meetings I addressed him in the customary way as 'Excellency', he took his feet off his writing desk, looked at me reproachfully and said 'Don't be a bloody fool'. That settled that, and many other things have no doubt been settled in a similar way.

A certain aggressive cynicism in his demeanour has contributed to give those whose contacts with him have been but slight an entirely wrong idea of the man. It would be difficult to find anybody more simple and endowed with a more genuine humility of soul; a more sensitive and profoundly cultured nature; a keener intellect. He is a man who passionately loves the arts, especially music and poetry. The burning of many of his favourite books in Germany affected him so deeply that he once remarked that his life's ambition was 'to make the world safe for Heine'.

If he had never done anything else, his bearing during the several weeks of agony that finally ended at Munich in the autumn of 1938, has been an object lesson in good behaviour. Indeed, if that much abused word 'gentleman' is applicable to anybody, Jan Masaryk deserves it.

Some of his closest friends in the British Cabinet (and he had many) were actively engaged in the partitioning of his country. They studiously kept away from him, and indeed it is pathetic to recollect how isolated he was in those days from government circles. Mr. Eden and the late Lord Lloyd were among the happy exceptions.

The Voice behind Beneš

And when at half past six on the fateful Sunday, September 25th, 1938, he handed Lord Halifax the famous note that ended with the words: 'The nation of St. Wencelas, John Huss and Thomas Masaryk will not be a nation of slaves', that was not the dry, if scholarly, voice of Beneš speaking from Prague. That was the emotional, infinitely live Jan Masaryk, and Jan Masaryk at his best. That very morning, sitting up in bed with his long legs boxed crossways as usual, he had penned that note with his own hand.

Perhaps he had made many mistakes. Perhaps he was too unconventional. Perhaps he had preferred the company of those who were congenial to him to that of the groups whose political influence under the Chamberlain regime proved to be supreme. He had always

expressed his views very freely, regardless of whether they were popular or not. But to say, as I have heard people say at the time, that the debacle was the result of his wrong diplomacy, is a complete distortion of the truth. No one in his position could have done anything to prevent Munich. But I very much doubt whether anybody else in his place would have had the fortitude and the strength to take defeat 'on the chin' quite so well as Jan Masaryk did. What better vindication, what greater moral satisfaction could he have had than that, almost exactly two years later, the same British Foreign Secretary in the same room where he had informed Masaryk that this country and France had 'sold out' the Czechs, should have signed a treaty of alliance with him? I should have liked to have watched Jan's face on this latter occasion.

At Christmas 1938, he went to America 'to get away from it all'. When he landed in New York, his wholly spontaneous opening remark to the army of newshawks awaiting him, was: 'Now that I have lost the country of my father, I have come to the country of my mother.' This was so moving in its almost childish simplicity that from that moment onwards he had the American public at his feet. His visit, which lasted several months, became a triumphal procession. The services he rendered even then to the British cause, by trying to enlist America's sympathy for this country (not a word of bitter criticism fell from his lips) deserves to be put on record. He returned to Europe in April, but soon left on a second American trip; and it was in the U.S.A. that the news reached him last summer that Britain had recognised a free Czechoslovak Government with President Beneš at its head. At Beneš's pressing request, Jan accepted the post of Foreign Minister in that Government.

Ever since his return to London he has been working tirelessly for the Allied cause. As he once put it, he is 'not interested in frontiers.' He is much more than Czechoslovakia's Foreign Minister. He travels up and down Britain, makes speeches, broadcasts to America (where he is appreciated as a radio star of the first magnitude), has established a particularly close collaboration with the Poles, and co-operates with the other Allied governments—in a word, he has thrown himself into the struggle with a zest that is particularly his own. He is a born fighter, and firmly believes that 'truth shall prevail'—which is his nation's official motto.

'After they made that guy they broke the mould,' the chauffeur of a certain famous American is reported to have remarked. They certainly broke the mould after they made Jan. He can afford to be a bit odd when he feels like it.

The founder of independent Czechoslovakia was Jan's father

Things of Every Day

TOBACCO BY GEORGE EDINGER

When I was a little boy with a habit of asking questions, one of my favourites was 'Why do people smoke?'

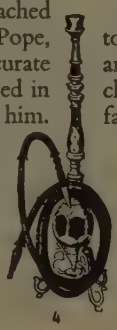
To this day I have failed to get an answer, so I have been constrained to discover for myself. The answer is, it depends which people you mean.

Two thousand years ago the savage Scythians smoked hemp to drug themselves to a soothing stupor. The Chinese smoke opium to forget their troubles. The Romans drew the smoke of vegetable bonfires through reeds to cure coughs and asthma. The Aztec priests of Central America smoked tobacco that 'they might fall into an ecstasy in which they could foretell Peace and War and flood and famine'.

Thus at least the monk, Raymond Pane (he sailed with Columbus' second expedition) assured the world of 1494, and as he had been especially attached to the expedition by the Borgia Pope, Alexander VI, to 'make accurate observation of all customs observed in the New World', we will believe him.

The monk observed. He did not imitate. It was not until Cortes rode into the province of Tobasco, in Yucatan, twenty-five years after, with that little body of mounted companions who were to conquer a whole empire by the fearsome aspect of their horses (more terrible to those who had never seen such beasts than were ever Hitler's tanks to the unsuspecting armies of Western Europe), that the first European tasted tobacco. To Yucatan Cortes came as a friend. Its chiefs received him wondering but gladly. They bade him and his friends smoke with them the pipe of peace, whose soothing charge of tobacco, compounded with other still more narcotic herbs, diffused a sense of comfort and content. Cortes complied, and the fact that he deemed it diplomatic to do so, thus introducing a new habit to Europe, is, I suppose, the best answer to my question, 'Why do people smoke?'

Cortes passed on to Mexico City and to immortality; passed on to discover, among the many marvels of Tenochitlan, pipes of silver and rose wood fantastically wrought in the shapes of men and animals unknown to his native Spain, which the great Emperor Montezuma smoked as he lay back to watch his



This young lady of Aleppo was an advanced young lady of her day. The engraving shows her 'smoaking Tobacco, and her servant bringing her a Dish of Coffee'.

tumblers and his dancers when the feast of 320 dishes was done. What Cortes thought of it he did not say. But one of his sailors, a certain Rodrigo de Jerez, liked it so well that he returned to his native Spain proudly puffing tobacco smoke through his mouth and nostrils as he walked the streets of Ayamonte.

Pioneers are less appreciated even than prophets. The fellow citizens of the good Señor Rodrigo thought there must surely be a fire devil inside the fellow, and ran to the Inquisition. Rodrigo was sentenced, and as the Holy Office forgot to commute the sentence, he stayed in gaol long after tobacco smoking had become a familiar habit.

1559 and traffic between the Old World and the New is grown so frequent that its wonders are wonderful no longer. Lisbon is the meeting place of many nations. Not till 1940 was that terraced city to recover the glory of those days. Princes and merchants, scholars and sages travelled from all Europe to behold the wonders that the merchant adventurers of Portugal brought home from the young empire in Africa and China, in Brazil and the Indies, East and West. They came to change their gold stamped with the images of a hundred Kings and Dukes and Prince Bishops for the ivory and woods and spice that the ships brought up the Tagus.

Among others came the Ambassador of France, Jean Nicot. He was a curious young man and a credulous one. Him, a certain learned botanist, by name Damian de Goës, who seems to have been given over, English fashion, to an exaggeration of the virtues of his garden (it was a physic garden), often entertained to dinner. Then walking among his herbs he would dilate on the

sovereign virtues of the latest acquisition, the tobacco plant, called, he was assured, from Tobasco in Yucatan, but despatched to him out of Brazil by certain countrymen of his illustrious guest, Huguenot refugees who found that France was no longer a fit place for them.

Hence 'Nicotine'

Jean Nicot was greatly impressed. It may be he really believed that this amazing herb could cure coughs and asthma, headaches, stomach ache, gout and birth pains. Perhaps, on the other hand, he thought nicotine a more euphonious word than tobacco. Or again he may have foreseen that his diplomatic mission was likely to prove a failure, which it did, and felt it prudent to seek a new career in medicine.

Anyhow, he returned to France with a great store of tobacco seeds and leaves which he sold at high prices to enterprising growers and pharmacists, immortalising his name in the botanical world for the weed 'Herba Nicotiana', and (though he did not know it) bestowing the adjective nicotine on that peculiar form of poisoning which the nineteenth century was to discover in tobacco.

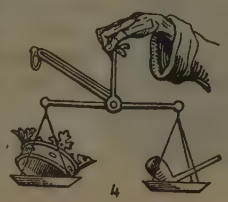
From France to Flanders, from Flanders to Holland, the cult of tobacco spread as the century moved on. Meanwhile Sir Walter Raleigh had founded a new plantation in Virginia, whence his captains dispatched to the Court of Queen Elizabeth a sample of all that land produced, including three native Indians who all fortified themselves against the humours and vapours of London by pipefuls of their native tobacco.

The founder of the Virginian project, the versatile Sir Walter, was so delighted with the discovery that he quite overlooked the disastrous failure of the colony. His tobacco parties, held where the Tivoli now stands, attracted all the wits and gallants of Elizabethan London, among them it is said, Shakespeare, but if that is true it is strange that his plays make no mention of tobacco.

But fashions change swiftly with the tastes of those who set them. From his dour kingdom north of the Tweed King James I came down to his inheritance when the old queen died. He hated Walter Raleigh and he hated tobacco. 'Surely,' he thundered in his counterblast, 'smoke becomes a kitchen far better than a dining chamber and yet it makes a kitchen oftentimes in the inward parts of men, soiling and infecting with an unctuous and oily kind of soot as hath been found in great tobacco takers that after death were opened . . . a custom loathsome to the eye, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible pit that is bottomless . . . it was . . . brought in with the report of a great discovery; thus savage men were brought with this savage custom. But the pity is the poor wild barbarous men died but that vile barbarous custom is still alive.'

Tobacco Currency

He would gladly have killed it as he killed Raleigh its author. But the Parliament, and there were many tobacco smokers in it, thought otherwise. For at last, thanks to the new herb, the Virginian project was beginning to pay. After the physicians had sworn that it had shown itself a sovereign remedy against the plague in 1614, it became not only the wealth but the currency of the young colony which, in 1620, paid for nineteen young ladies, shipped there by the special request of his



The German artist, Rethel, showed that the King's Crown and the poor man's Pipe are equal

Excellency the Governor, with 120 pounds weight of tobacco apiece.

James could not enforce his hatred, nor could Charles his son, who inherited it. Perhaps it was typical that the first Lord General of the Parliamentary Armies, the Earl of Essex, should be so keen a smoker of short clay pipes. Certainly it was with deliberate malice that the Roundhead soldiers in Westminster Hall puffed their pipe smoke insultingly in King Charles' face when he walked to his trial.

The Pope Banned It

The Stuarts had failed in their campaign against smoking, but other rulers fared more happily. The Pope, disgusted by the conduct of the clergy at Seville, who had begun smoking, snuff-taking and sneezing all over the cathedral, defiling altar cloths, vestments, images and chalices, forbade all smoking in the neighbourhood of churches under pain of excommunication. He left the definition of the neighbourhood of churches to some parties equally undefined. The Sultan, after disguising himself in the manner of Haroun al Raschid to frequent the coffee houses of Istanbul, where men foregathered to smoke, heard little good of himself, and commanded all smokers to be slaughtered, their noses slit, pipes thrust through them, and the body to be hung in the ruins of the coffee house.

The Tsar, being persuaded by the Patriarch that in a country of wooden houses tobacco smoking might cause disastrous fires, banished all smokers to Siberia, their lips slit by sword cuts. The Emperor of Japan confiscated the property of smokers, and gave any of his subjects who might encounter a packhorse laden with tobacco the right to seize both the horse and its load. All this might well have spelt the end of the smoking habit.

But to the aid of the smokers came the Plague. In Naples, London and Vienna the doctors noted, or affected to note, that the smoker was more immune than other men; the rulers withdrew their bans, and at last even the Tsar, Peter the Great, fresh from England, where he had been persuaded of the virtues of tobacco, gave his bear leader the right to the monopoly of the Virginian leaf.

Frederick the First of Prussia set a new fashion with the new century by holding formal smoking parties, where his stiff couriers puffed their pipes silently before the ladies in waiting. His son, Frederick William, transformed the parties into a tobacco college where his generals smoked and joked boisterously far into the night and where every guest honoured by the king had to smoke and like it.

Most people did like it, liked it so much that the State monopoly in tobacco which country after country adopted, became one of the most dependable sources of revenue.

Napoleon Snuffed It

It may even be that the soothing influence of tobacco might have calmed the excited brains of the French Revolutionaries, especially since talk at the early philosophers' clubs, where revolution was born, would often turn to the new 'seegars' lately come from Spanish America.

Unfortunately the deputies of the Third Estate insisted on the removal of the Farmer General to whom the tobacco tax was farmed, and in the confusion that resulted the people were deprived not only of their Farmer General but also of their tobacco.

But it was only for a time. With Napoleon the difficulties were adjusted, for the Emperor himself was a great

snuff taker. But once tobacco had become a state monopoly it became a matter of controversy also. Patriotic Italians under Austrian rule staged a smokers' strike to deprive their hated masters of a source of revenue, and that strike presaged the Italian Revolution of 1848, a year of upheaval, when men displayed their politics on pipe bowls shaped to resemble Garibaldi and Kossuth and Cavour and Louis Napoleon.

A frantic cigarette smoker was Louis Napoleon. The cigarette had just come in. It started in the Crimean War when soldiers who had lost or broken their pipes devised new means of smoking by wrapping in paper the plug of tobacco they would have put in their pipe bowls, and then setting light to it.

From the soldiers the habit spread to the officers, to the general, to the Emperor. And he used to chain-smoke fifty cigarettes a day while he awaited news from the front. General Grant, the Federal Commander, always puffed strong cigars in the Lonsdale manner; his admirers sent him 10,000, precedent for the Dutch East Indies' recent gift to Mr. Churchill. 'Excuse my smoking, Mr. President,' he said to Lincoln, 'It's a habit with me.' 'Winning victories is another,' replied father Abraham. Bismarck, too, soothed his nerves with tobacco, but Hitler refuses to touch it.

Tobacco is a foe to the Fuehrer. He is cutting down all the world's smoking, and the growers in America's southern states have good cause to hate him for it. But Hitler, too, has been hit by the tobacco he hates. 150 million pounds were yielded this year by the tobacco duty, and turned to produce the Spitfires that will soon enable us once more to smoke our pipes in peace.

Smoking was a necessity at the plague pit

The Aztec priest inhales ecstasy

A Coffee House of Istanbul

1940-41
War of WHOSE Nerves?

by TOM HARRISSON

A year ago. We can hardly remember what it was like. We have learnt to live dynamically since then. Mass-Observation shows that the people's nerves are strong as never before. In 1940, it was the little things that depressed us. But reality has been an iron tonic

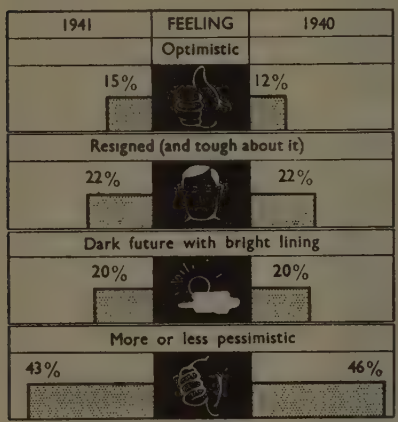
In eighteen months of war this life has been through revolutionary changes, greater than in fifty years of peace. Ahead lie greater changes still. Mass-observation is trying to record these changes as they take place. And with the co-operation of the great Sociology Department of the University of Chicago, we have been able to get the story of the first year of the war, as told in our files, safely placed over there in case all our material is burned or bombed by some mischance. Much of our data cannot be used till the War is over.

In previous articles I have taken certain aspects of opinion and behaviour, describing them as they were at the time. I want now to take some general trends and compare them with this time last year. That may illuminate the changes we have been experiencing, and all the ways we have adapted ourselves to meet them. Let us see what Hitler's War of Nerves has done to our nerves. For, make no mistake about it, throughout this war and long before it, Hitler has been waging a war of nerves against practically every human being in the world. Perhaps only those still living in the Stone Age on the great mountain plateau of Central New Guinea have escaped the tinges of his subtle messages and crude menaces. We, on the other hand, have been wonderfully slow to learn from the last War lessons of attack and counter-attack taught to us then by Northcliffe, Wells, and Beaverbrook, who won such vital verbal victories in 1918.

A good way of estimating the nerve war is by studying subjective feelings from the same people in early 1941, and in early 1940. We are fortunate in having an enthusiastic body of more than a thousand voluntary observers. They are not a statistical cross-section of Britain—information of that kind is obtained by investigators interviewing on a sample basis—but they are representative of straightforward, intelligent people from all over Britain and all walks of life, who help us voluntarily, and who have largely done so because of reading about our work in serious papers like *World Review*. They represent a steady core of people who report honestly to us on themselves and their immediate surroundings from month to month and year to year.

We have recently asked these observers to give personal answers to the question: 'How do you *feel* about 1941?'

The same question was asked at the same time last year, for 1940. We get from this a rough barometer of feeling. Note that pessimists *were not defeatists*: they were pessimistic mainly *about their own private affairs*, not about the War as a whole.



Remarkable is the close similarity of feeling after a year of unprecedented external crisis and setback. There has simply been a slight switch over of 3 per cent from pessimists to optimists. The other two categories have remained virtually unchanged.

These figures represent a real achievement. When the 1940 poll was taken we were living in the delightful aura of Chamberlain, and an era of wishful thinking. Time was on our side; life was still practically normal; statesmen were promising a blockade victory. Mild rationing was about to begin (January 8th). We believed in the Maginot Line.

Since those dream days of early 1940 we have probably suffered more unpleasantnesses than any people in any year. Nevertheless, there was more optimism about 1941 than about 1940. And it was a much more realistic sort of optimism, as well as a much less reasonable and selfish type of pessimism. The outcome of the war was the principal subject that caused optimism, even among those who were mainly and personally pessimistic.

People were overwhelmingly confident about the general outcome. They are, therefore, largely affected by the immediate and often trivial offshoots of war. The indirect results of hostilities, as they affect people themselves, rather than the direct feelings about the war, superficially pull to the pessimistic side. The importance of personal and subjective influences is proved by another investigation which we have recently made. We asked observers to take a ballot on sixteen items which preliminary tests on a hundred people had shown to be the main factors likely to produce cheerfulness or depression.

On the ballot form two columns followed the list of sixteen items, a 'bad' and a 'good' column. In the 'good' column observers were asked to put a tick for those items the good side of which they considered *definitely important in helping to make them more cheerful*, and similarly to tick on the 'bad' side those items which they considered important in helping to make them more depressed. They could tick as many as they liked, but stress was laid on only ticking those they regard as of definite importance to themselves.

Effects on both cheerfulness and depression together. Percentage of possible votes cast for each item as affecting either cheerfulness or depression

Item	Men	Women
	per cent	per cent
Health	45	42
Work	42	36
Weather	31	45
War News	35	40
Friends	36	38

Item	Men	Women
	per cent	per cent
Introspective thoughts	38	34
Sleep	34	36
Family	28	32
Recreation	29	25
Money	28	24
Meals	25	27
Air-raids	26	23
Love Life	26	24
Week-end	24	21
Journeys	18	16
Non-war news	11	14

Notice the similarity between the things which influence 'morale' of both sexes (some people seem frightened by that word morale; it only means the general level of spirits, cheerfulness and depression). Women are rather more affected by the weather and by the news, if it is bad news; men, naturally, are more affected by their work. But the important thing in both sexes is the predominance of everyday matters. War news only comes fourth, and air-raids twelfth. This predominance, however, is mainly due to their effects on cheerfulness. Thus, while war news comes tenth, as a way of making people more cheerful (i.e. news of victories), it comes first in depressing people (i.e. news of setbacks). The order of importance placed on each item is often entirely different in its influence on cheerfulness and depression. For instance, introspective thoughts come eleventh in affecting cheerfulness, third in producing depression. Moral: Let the people sing, don't let them brood! And friends, who are number one for cheering up, are hardly ever depressing.

All this is shown in the following table which gives the effects of certain items on cheerfulness and depression separately in order of importance, according to the total ballot result:

CAUSE	Cheerfulness	Depression
Friends	1	11
Health	2	5
Work	3	6
Sleep	3	10
Weather	5	4
Meals	6	14
Recreation	7	13
Week-end	8	15
Love life	9	11
War news	10	1
Introspective thoughts	11	3
Family	11	7
Money	13	8
Non-war news	14	15
Journeys	15	8
Air-raids	15	2

The strictly and wholly war matters, raids and news, aren't in the first eight cheerful factors, but are numbers one and two as depressers.

In this democracy one of the biggest safety valves, which has kept morale steady and nerves off edge, is the liberty to air our personal grievances and make a great fuss about little things —a British habit which Haw-Haw regularly mistakes for something subversive. We have followed grumbling through the war. We asked the same people at the end of 1939 and at the end of 1940 to summarise theirs to date. The comparative results provide another way of measuring what has happened to our everyday feelings in these tremendous years. When we compare the results, several things emerge right away. Three of the thirteen main inconveniences of 1939 have practically disappeared by 1941:

Political grievances;
Antagonism to A.R.P. wardens;
Annoyances about closing time of shops, pubs, etc.

On the other hand, four outstanding new ones have appeared:

Separation from friends;
Bad B.B.C reception;
Air-raid dislocations;
Supplies.

But the most significant change is in the order of importance of inconveniences. Food difficulties have moved from fifth to second. Grumbling about evacuees and evacuation, which was so important a year ago, has sunk to insignificance at the bottom of the list, although, *in fact*, evacuation is more important now than it was then. Similarly, there is much less criticism about news or the absence of it. And it is weird to remember that in 1939 annoyance at restrictions on fuel and petrol was more frequent than at restrictions on food; that A.R.P. wardens, now our respected heroes, were then an irritating joke. The whole trend is towards people increasingly taking in their stride new inconveniences or intensifications of the old. Despite increased hours and, in many cases, harder working conditions, jobs still come low on the list, only one place above 1939. Lack of amusements, greatly increased now, is only up one place in comment.

The story of our little moans can be shown in the order of importance people gave them in 1939 and in 1940.

Order of Importance of War-time Inconveniences, Assessed by Number of People mentioning each Item in:

1939	1940
Black-out	Black-out
Transport	Food
Prices	Transport
Fuel, Petrol	Prices
Food	Air-raids
Evacuation	Supply, shortages
Lack of news	Lack of amusements
Lack of amusements	Separation from friends
Public services	Public services
Political	Jobs, unemployment
Jobs, unemployment	Lack of news
A.R.P. wardens	Radio reception
Closing time	Evacuation
	Fuel, Petrol

There are many other ways of measuring the social trends of war. For nearly everything human has something to do with our morale; and nearly everything is changing. At Christmas 1939, 12 per cent of Christmas cards showed historical scenes; this Christmas only 5 per cent—the crinoline past is faded into a forgotten haze. Or look at jazz. Song hits write a social history by themselves. We started the war with *South of the Border*, a peacetime lullaby

which soon gave way to the bombastic toughness and elated over-confidence of *We're gonna Hang out the Washing on the Siegfried Line* and *Berlin or Bust*. The spring came on and nothing much happened; hit tunes told us *We won't be long out there*, and *There's a boy coming home on leave;* the Maginot mentality was sinking in. Then things began to happen: the easy, defensive world was tumbling round our ears. In the midst of chaos the careless courage of Londoners indulged itself in the ornithological impossibility of *A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square*, symbolising a romantic confidence transcending 'the hard facts' (as the French would have called them). And now we are going into a new phase, with the hopefulness of *To-morrow is a lovely day*.

Living from day to day, the goal becomes the present and the past is a moorland haze.

At the other end of the scale is the story of the political past, as shown in the regular nation-wide Gallup polls of the British Institute of Public Opinion.

This may remind you how Britain felt about the Premier of disaster and feels about the Premier of recovery and success. A lot of people thought a good deal of Chamberlain; but never were we nearly united under him:

Percentage expressing Approval

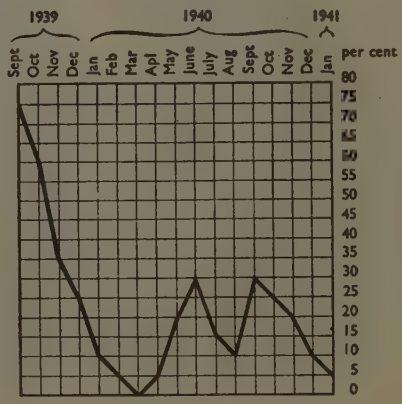
DATE		Chamberlain	per cent
1939	October		65
	December		64
1940	January		56
	May (1-3rd)		32

DATE		Churchill	per cent
1940	July		88
	October		89
	November		88
1941	January		88

A final way of recapturing the strange story. Gas-mask carrying. Here is the rough picture of gas-mask carrying in London since the outbreak. Faithfully, unconsciously, the mask reveals the public mind. Tension is at the peak as war begins (September 1939); sinks away with gradual apathy to zero in March 1940; rises again with action at last—Norway (April), breakthrough (May), French collapse (June) —and again up with the big invasion threat (September), thereafter to fall steadily back towards zero.

The war of nerves doesn't seem to have gone very deep, if that worst terror of all, poison gas, isn't convincing people they ought to carry their masks. On the available evidence, it would seem that Hitler's War of Nerves has made little impression on Britain. On the contrary, there can be no doubt that in March, 1941, we are calmer, tougher, wiser, wide awake and very much *less* nervous than we were in September, 1939, or in September, 1938, for that matter.

Percentage carrying Gas Masks in London: Monthly average on standard counts to nearest 5 per cent:



THE Emperor of Germany has dropped the pilot. Bismarck—'the man at the helm in the maëlstrom of European life'—has left the ship. 'Since 1871 he has been dictator of the Continent', says W. T. Stead. 'To-day he is simply a Prussian Prince, without office, the most distinguished subject of his impetuous young monarch.

'This generation', the Editor continues, 'has never turned its face eastward across the German Sea without seeing the stalwart form of Bismarck on the far horizon. The watchful eyes that gleamed below shaggy brows, as the round-mouthed cannon at the embrasure of a massive keep, seemed never to sleep; nor have we for one moment for nearly thirty years ceased to hear the steady footfall of Bismarck, sentinel first of Prussia, then of Germany, and afterwards of Europe, as he paced his weariless round, keeping watch and ward over the affairs entrusted to his care.'

The Kaiser telegraphs to a friend that his heart is as sorrowful as if he had again lost his grandfather. 'But it is so appointed to me by God', he says, 'and it has to be borne, even though I should fall under the burden. The post of officer of the watch on the ship of State has fallen to my lot. Her course remains the same. So now full steam ahead.'

'The Kaiser is ambitious, impulsive and fiery', Stead observes. 'We seem to be entering upon stirring times. It will be well if we emerge without a spill, for the German coach has lost its brake.'

Meanwhile, if the sacking of Bismarck has brought one era to a close, optimists are disposed to believe that another has been opened, by the assembly of an international Labour Conference. Stead calls it 'a landmark in the history of humanity'. What is more, it takes place in Berlin; what is still more, in Bismarck's palace. Thirteen nations send delegates and the Pope is indirectly represented by the Prince Bishop of Breslau. The Bishop is selected to preside over the committee on Sunday labour and, says Stead, 'it is impossible for any Briton not to read without a certain complacent satisfaction of the result, for the powers in their collective wisdom have decided that they cannot do better than follow humbly in the footsteps of England'.

At one of the State receptions to the delegates the Kaiser has a pleasant little chat with Mr. Burt, miner M.P. for Morpeth. He asks Mr. Burt whether he has found that trade unionism in Great Britain frequently brings about breaches of contract, or rioting. Mr. Burt replies that such a thing as breach of contract is practically unknown and that rioting seldom or never occurs. 'We have solved that problem', he assures the Emperor, 'by freedom.'

'It was worth while holding the Labour Conference', Stead remarks, 'if only that Thomas Burt might have the opportunity of speaking in the name of English labour such words of sound sense in the ears of the Emperor of Germany. At the same time, let it never be forgotten that although the Conference has agreed to accept England as a model, there is still much lacking in our own country. We are far from having secured to every working man his inalienable birthright of one day's rest in seven!'

Among other current events, the fall of the Tirard Cabinet in France (*Stead: 'No one can tell how soon the composition of a French Ministry may not be a matter of the first importance to Great Britain'*), the close of the debate on the Parnell Commission, and the opening of the Forth Bridge.

The Bookshelf

What are 'genes'? Julian Huxley, in this review of his 'The Uniqueness of Man', is taken to task by W. P. Pyecraft, also a biologist, for dogmatising about them without explaining them. The book is published by Chatto & Windus at 10s. 6d.

All who are interested in the problems of life—of how we live, and move, and have our being—will derive much profit in reading this book. Herein Prof. Huxley, who speaks as one having authority, is striving to give the layman a new outlook on life and its problems. His pages cover a wide field; and much that he has to say concerns social problems as they present themselves to the biologist. For the most part his arguments are forcefully, though often unconvincingly, stated. His chapter on Eugenics and Society will probably be found by most of his readers the least interesting in the book. He speaks very dogmatically about 'genes', and their importance, but he does not explain to his readers what *are* 'genes', or tell them that no living eye has ever seen them!

Most of the chapters require a resolute concentration if they are to be read with profit. But there are some which may be described as veritable wells of water in what may seem the desert areas. And, moreover, they will help not a little to inspire a determination to read once again parts which make any clear grip of his arguments on the first reading impossible.

What the Professor has to say on 'The Sizes of Living Things', 'Mice and Men', 'The Courtship of Animals', and 'The Origins of Species' might well be read first, to enable the reader to 'get the hang' of what he has to say on his more abstruse problems. Those who are making elaborate plans to give us a new Heaven and a New Earth—'after the War'—may profitably read this book while awaiting that much-longed-for event.

But why, oh why, is this volume published *without* an Index? This is a most unpardonable omission. A glossary of scientific terms is hardly less necessary in a book intended for the layman rather than the biologist.

'The Big Sea' (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) is all about that enigmatic figure, the man of colour, one of the unsolved problems of American democracy. The author of this autobiography is Langston Hughes, the Negro poet. Reviewed by Philip Macer-Wright

As well as having written a courageous essay on the art of living dangerously, Langston Hughes has contrived to illuminate a very dark subject. For he is an educated Negro, and his colour-consciousness, alike innate and imposed upon him, patterns the book. Every page, every episode in his life story, is a commentary on America's disturbing colour problem and a pointer to its complexity.

It is a story full of paradoxes. For example, Langston is proud of his African descent, and to visit Africa was to him as a return to his ancestral home. But the Africans laughed at him and shook their heads.

'You white man,' they said.

'But I'm not a white man,' he protested.

'You no black man, either,' was the rejoinder.

'You see, unfortunately, I am not black,' Langston explains. 'There are lots of different kinds of blood in our family. In the U.S. the word "Negro" is used to mean anyone who has *any* Negro blood at all in his veins. In Africa it

means *all*.' On a later occasion, when a white patron wished him to be always 'primitive', he discovered that while he had loved the surface of Africa and the rhythms of Africa, he was not Africa. 'I was Chicago and Kansas City and Broadway and Harlem.'

Paradoxically, also, his father, who was regarded by the Mexicans among whom he lived as a typical American, hated Negroes. 'I think he hated himself, too,' says the son, 'for being a Negro.'

It was while living in Mexico with his father that an Arkansas schoolmarm said to him: 'Ah never come across an educated Ne-gre before.' It seems that Southerners often make that word a slur between *nigger* and *Negro*. And, says Langston, 'the word *nigger* sums up for us who are coloured all the bitter years of insult and struggle in America: the slave-beatings of yesterday, the lynchings of to-day, the Jim Crow cars, the only movie show in town with its sign up FOR WHITES ONLY, the restaurants where you may not eat, the jobs you may not have, the unions you cannot join. The word *nigger* in the mouths of little white boys at school, the word *nigger* in the mouths of foremen on the job, the word *nigger* across the whole face of America! *Nigger! Nigger!* Like the word *Jew* in Hitler's Germany.'

Yet the attitude of white Americans to coloured Americans has its parallel in that of the 'better class' coloured people—in Washington, at any rate—towards their less fortunate brethren. They draw the most rigid class and colour lines within the race, and Langston found them 'on the whole as unbearable and snobbish a group of people as I have ever come in contact with anywhere.' Langston himself has been the victim of the coloured man's superciliousness and from having been acclaimed as 'the most racial of the New Negro poets,' has found himself dubbed 'the poet lowrate of Harlem.'

The most pathetic episode in his pilgrimage, I think, was when, arrived in Paris as a young man, he began to look round for someone to whom he could talk. 'To tell the truth,' he recalls, 'I began to look for a coloured person on the streets.'

It is not surprising that, when assisting the coloured chef at a Paris cabaret, he found pleasure in watching Florence Embry, brown-skin singer from Harlem, deliberately and openly snubbing well-to-do tourists from Wisconsin!

Despite all his handicaps and vicissitudes, Langston takes a friendly view of life, though it is easy to grasp the truth of his inspired observation: '*Folks! Start out with nothing sometime and see how long it takes to work up to something*.'

'I do not pretend that the story has any plot, and I hereby give fair warning that nothing extraordinary is going to happen in it.' Thus, William Saroyan, in the Introduction to his new novel, 'My Name Is Aram'. Faber & Faber, 7s. 6d. Reviewed by Alan Jenkins

THE phrase *élan vital* has been thrown about a good deal since Bergson died. Saroyan has plenty of it. Has he much else? 'Original', 'important,' even 'titanic': these epithets have been used of his work, and not only by blurb-writers. Lovable he certainly is; utterly disarming, too; readable, above all—though how far this is due to his habit of giving a fresh paragraph to each new sentence (a luxury to be grudged in these days of paper-economy) is debatable.

It is his personal showmanship that occasionally shakes one's confidence in him. He never really stops being the Daring Young Man On The Flying Trapeze. One might almost say that a book by Saroyan is nothing but Saroyan putting over Saroyan in a big way: which, though it's perfectly okay by us, is more reminiscent of a friendly lion-cub than a titan. He licks your hand, this Saroyan, and pleads: Love me: don't ever forget about me: take notice of me, even if I have to stand on my head to make you do it.

Saroyan was ever, and remains, a short story writer. This book, the publishers inform us, 'almost achieves the unity of a novel'. We disagree. True, certain characters reappear from time to time; yet each chapter has already been published as a story in periodicals varying from

Esquire to the *Evening Standard*. There is 'my cousin Mourad', who 'enjoyed being alive more than anybody else who had ever fallen into the world by mistake'; Uncle Khosrove, who roars upon every occasion, 'Pay no attention to it!'; Darcous the grocer, with his strange oaths (compare Nat Gubbins's Sweep): 'Well, I'll be pruned', 'Well, I'll be irrigated', Well, I'll be cut off a vine and eaten grape by grape by a girl in her teens'; Locomotive 38, the Ojibway Indian; and the narrator-hero Aram, a precocious child just like Saroyan himself.

This childlike quality is the essence of Saroyan, or perhaps of Armenians—it is difficult to tell when the only other Armenian you have read is Michael Arlen. It begets phrases of droll intensity, such as 'My Uncle Khosrove, himself a man of furious energy and uncommon sadness'. But it breaks down sometimes into adult prose: 'I myself was growing a little sceptical of the whole conventional religious pattern, and was eager . . . to come to terms with Omnipotence in my own way'. And that makes you wonder just how 'natural' Saroyanism really is.

The style is pure and simple: only thus can it be described. We are cheerfully told: 'The writer was less a writer than a reader, and had as little idea of what was coming next, for sure, as you are likely to have'. That is Saroyan's charm, and his greatest limitation. But, whatever sales-resistance you put up, well, I'll be irrigated! you can't help being entertained by him.

INTO BATTLE

Speeches by Winston Churchill. *Cassell*. 8s. 6d. Compiled by the Prime Minister's M.P. son, Randolph, who claims that these speeches constitute a contemporary history of the War that is as lively as it is authoritative and 'may be said to be the last word upon the War'.

THE BETRAYAL OF THE LEFT

Gollancz. 9s. An exanimation (by several hands) and refution of Communist policy from October 1939 to January 1941, with suggestions for an alternative and 'an epilogue on political morality'.

PEACE AIMS AND THE NEW ORDER

By R. W. G. Mackay. *Joseph*. 2s. 6d. Revised and popular edition of 'Federal Europe', outlining the case for European Federation together with a Draft Constitution of a United States of Europe.

HELL CAME TO LONDON

By Basil Wood. (Illustrated.) *Peter Davies*. 6s. A diary of the 'Blitz'.

WITH THE FOREIGN LEGION AT NARVIK

By Capitaine Pierre O. Lapie. (Illustrated.) *Murray*. 5s.

J'ACCUSE!

By André Simone. *Harrap*. 8s. 6d. An indictment of the 'men who betrayed France'.

THE HABSBURG MONARCHY

1815–1918. By A. J. P. Taylor. *Macmillan*. 15s. A history of the Austrian Empire and Austria-Hungary. 'The narrative opens with the end of the Napoleonic war, the Habsburg Monarchy emerging to a new stabilisation; it closes with the ending of the first German war, the Habsburg Monarchy vanished from the scene. The intervening century is occupied by the 'Austrian problem'.

SHAKESPEARE

By Mark Van Doren. *Allen & Unwin*. 12s. 6d. A work by an American poet, described in Sir Hugh Walpole's Foreword as very good Shakespearian criticism 'because it is so honest, so intelligent, and so modest'.

HEAVEN WAS HIS DESTINATION

By William B. Chamberlain. *Allen & Unwin*. 8s. 6d. The philosophy of Ludwig Feuerbach, 'son of Hegel, father of Marx, and half-brother of Compte'.

HISTORY AS THE STORY OF LIBERTY

By Benedetto Croce. *Allen & Unwin*. 12s. 6d.

MAULANA ABUL KALAM AZAD

By Mahader Desai. *Allen & Unwin*. 3s. 6d. A biographical memoir of the President of the Indian National Congress.

WESSEX WINS

By A. G. Street. *Faber*. 8s. 6d. Autobiographical reflections from the turning point of 1932 and 'Farmer's Glory'.

THE DEFENDERS

By Franz Hoellering. *Routledge*. 9s. An Austrian novel of the Nazi terror.

THE EMPIRE ON STAMPS

By Patrick Hamilton. (Illustrated.) 7s. 6d. *Peter Davies*. A book for philatelists who are also interested in history.

ENGLAND IS MY VILLAGE

By John Llewelyn Rhys. *Faber*. 6s. The author of this book collection of short stories wanted to fly and he wanted to write. He did both. But in flying he lost his life—while on active service as a Flight-Lieutenant. There is a moving preface by his wife, Jane Oliver.

Cross-Section

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

Lady Fuehrer

FRAU GERTRUD SCHOLTZ KLINK exercises more authority than any other woman in the world. She holds unrestricted control over 30,000,000 German women, and is rapidly tightening her grip on 20,000,000 others now forced to live under the swastika. She has Fifth Column agents in every important city in the world. With Goering, Himmler, Hess, she is one of Germany's 'Mighty Ten'.

Chief agency of her power is an élite corps of 50,000 zealous Nazi women—the *Frauenschaft*. Each member has specialised duties—one to watch the food markets, another to edit the women's page of the local newspaper, a third to be leader of the women in a big apartment house. Below the *Frauenschaft* is the *Frauenfront*, to which every women's organisation in Germany must belong, be it sewing circle, bridge club or literary group.

Frau Klink's major concerns are the childbed and the cookpot. Nazism needs an undwindling stream of boys to march, soldiers to die. The Nazis have a rather cynical name for this policy, *Bevolkerungspolitik*—the Populating Policy.

Frau Klink's second task is to teach German women, via radio, newspaper, and travelling kitchen, how to cook *ersatz* foods, how to live on them without destroying national health. No one may publish any recipe not approved by the *Frauenschaft*.

Frau Klink first met Hitler in 1932. Marie Diers, popular writer on women's topics, who had supported Hitler since 1927, arranged a meeting at which she and Frau Klink told Hitler they felt it a grave mistake to have no Nazi women speakers. 'I abhor women politicians', barked Hitler.

When Hitler came to power she wrote a long letter to Frau Diers and waited quietly at home. Lydia Gottschewsky, a skinny girl with fanatical eyes, who for five years had worked with Goebbels, proclaimed herself the first leader of German women. Frau Diers also was around, and with her pretty Erika Kirmsee, a young reporter from Kiel who, smelling opportunity, had come to Berlin to 'help the Fuehrer'. Soon these two began to cross Lydia; eventually they broke her. Erika herself took the shaking, hysterical Lydia to a hospital; she has not been seen since.

That night Frau Diers sent a telegram to Gertrud Klink:

'Everything arranged. Hess and I expect you at once.'

Before Hitler began his campaign of expansion, Frau Klink invited women leaders from other countries to view 'the remarkable social progress of the German woman'. Her chic lieutenant, Erika Kirmsee, showed them around. If they were very important they were allowed to meet the Fuehrer. That was amazingly effective propaganda.

'Those old women go absolutely goofy over Adolf', cynical Erika once in the early days commented to me. 'I don't know what they find in him. To me, he seems always rather helpless.'

PETER ENGELMANN,
The Living Age, U.S.A.

She has a 'Populating Policy'

Thirsty Work

HEATED arguments have arisen in Bermuda, because the Assembly has postponed a Bill which would permit the licensing of the Bermudiana Hotel, home of most of the British censors in the island.

Some members said the provision of drink in the hotel would be detrimental to the censorship. One observed:

'The hotel would become a hotbed of Fifth-Columnists, and the censors would be likely to unloose their lips and forget their pledge of secrecy.'

Those in favour of the Licensing Bill assert that the censors should not be treated like children.

Bottler and Packer

Parade Streets

IN the restoration of our towns there is a valuable type of street which we may now have the chance to provide but which at present most of our big towns lack. It is a street made attractive for parading up and down with a sense of freedom from the business of the town and yet with a sense of possessiveness and the feeling that the town is one's own and something rightly to be proud of.

Unless we can induce the latter feeling, and for the physical aspect of the town, and not for its mere size or wealth, we shall never overcome the dislike of his town which the average Englishman of to-day is so ready to express.

What, then, is needed? Nothing less than a Champs Elysées of the right scale for each of the larger towns and several for London. The smaller towns probably have places like the cathedral close.

It must not be too long and the vista should be closed at either end with a fine monument. It must be lined with good buildings, quiet and individually unobtrusive. A building in the Champs Elysées which once donned a dome was made to take it off again. There must be no strident advertisements, yet the street must be alive. There must be restaurants, cafés, and shops for immediate necessities, but not great stores, and there must be theatres and cinemas.

The foreground is a street itself, the width of which must be three or four times that to which we are accustomed, with avenues of trees, grafted and pruned to keep them all the same height. There must be broad stretches of grass and flowers protecting the pedestrian strollers from the central traffic.

In such a street there should be plenty of fixed and movable seats from which to enjoy the scene, while in summer others might be grouped round tables to be served with light refreshments from kiosks.

On a fine evening it should be the natural place to take a walk in even if one has to take a bus first to reach it. All French, Italian, and Spanish towns of any worth have such a place. It is an essential part of urban life, and we, the greatest town-dwellers in the world, cannot afford any longer to be without it.

PROFESSOR C. H. REILLY,
Manchester Guardian

Tea for Peace

NEVER a big tea-drinking nation, Germany is now being made aware of the virtues of the fragrant brew. The propaganda machine which has often scoffed at the British for their eternal tea-drinking is now exhorting the Germans to drink more tea.

That one pound of tea makes over 200 cups of the beverage is no doubt the explanation of this war-time imitation of enemy custom. The question is how the Germans are to get supplies of tea in face of the British blockade.

Goebbels, however, is not to be outdone and he advocates the use of the latest substitute, asparagus tea, a relic of the Napoleonic Wars, when the berries of the green plant were ground and used for making tea.

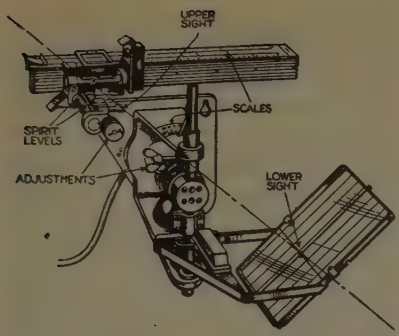
An American writer says that if the Germans were to take to drinking tea permanently there would be some hope for the future peace of Europe. 'Tea-drinkers are unusually happy and contented; they make good neighbours.'

Times of Ceylon

Nazi Bomb Sight

LOOKING through the instrument, the target is then seen to move slowly towards the lower sight, and the whole bomb sight is rotated about the central post until the target is moving along the thick black line towards the bead. In the approach to the target the pilot is for directional purposes under the control of the bomb aimer.

Height and speed have the effect of requiring that the bomb be released before the aeroplane is over the target, so the greater either of these two quantities are the flatter will be the slope



Flight

'No-great-accuracy' bomb sight, used in the Heinkel 111's that blitzed London

of the line of sight. So the upper sight is moved back in accordance with the speed and height scales on which it travels horizontally.

There is also a third scale. Marked *Reihe* (literally 'a row'), it seems to be connected with the release of a stick of bombs at regular intervals. Fore and aft and cross-levels are provided for levelling up the bomb sight and concealed electric illumination lights up the various parts which must be read or adjusted.

This bomb sight really looks like a 'civilian' bomb sight, a no-great-accuracy-required job. For when you are out on a bombing expedition for small houses, gas mains, water pipes, electricity supply—in short, the civil life and civilians of a city—it matters little where you drop the bombs, for if you don't get one thing you get another. The comparatively simple sight is not nearly so elaborate as the British types.

Flight

Birds' Blitz

I MUST admit I was not favourably impressed by the efficiency of the birds' A.R.P. service on the occasion of an air raid the other afternoon, as it disclosed a lack of all discipline and restraint, and for some time general panic ensued. The air raid was carried out by a couple of peregrines.

The first sign that an air raid was in progress was a disorderly mob of wood-pigeons, which swept out of the oak trees clapping their wings and went away twisting and swooping over the hedgerows. Immediately afterwards the hens in the poultry-run rushed for cover and above the din of their cackling could be heard the high-pitched hysterical voice of the cock, who, so far from setting a good example of coolness in times of danger, seems to lose his head more thoroughly than the most nervous hen. Blackbirds cluttered in the holly and rhododendron bushes, and, shooting out of one patch of cover, dived head first into another, while high above everything could be heard the incessant harsh screeching of the jays in the birch wood—the last birds that a peregrine would select for his dinner.

Overhead in the clear sky floated the peregrines, occasionally hovering like big kestrels, and then swerving away. After ten minutes' reconnaissance, during which there was a most lamentable lack of control below, the falcons passed away to the north, and the 'All Clear' sounded. Casualties were not so heavy as might have been expected and, so far as can be ascertained, consist of one soft-shelled egg dropped in the poultry-run by a frightened hen.

MAJOR C. S. JARVIS, *Country Life*

What Every Bride Should Know

THE Japan-Manchoukuo Women's Association has recently decided to establish institutions in the Kwanto, Kwansai and in Kyushu to train women who are seeking marriage on the Continent. Besides pistol and rifle shooting, they will be given lessons in the rearing of infants.

Japan Weekly Chronicle

'Gas masks won't be a joke any more!' warns this cartoon from *Die Sirene*, German A.R.P. paper

'I'm just thinking how much to give to charity,' said Gypsy Rose Lee to the photographer who took this picture

Intellectual Striptease

GYPSY Rose Lee is hurt at being thought of primarily as a stripteaser. Questioned about these aphrodisiacal talents, she complains, 'You'd think I was a sort of international nudist.'

In performing her seven minutes of erotic frenzy, Miss Lee scorns the *bump* or the *grind*, integral parts of the orthodox strip. These two rowdy gyrations are the essence of burlesque. The *bump* is a movement in which the artist's knees are bent and the hips are thrown backward and forward with startling rapidity; the *grind* is a rotary action of the hips, rather in the hootchy-kootchy school.

While undressing Gypsy tossed French phrases into the gaping mouths of her admirers; and she recited smutty Dwight Fiske monologues (*Virgin Sturgeon*, etc.), imported from Café Society's plushier amusement parlours.

Striptease routines are divided into two categories: sweet and hot. Gypsy specialised in a sweet tease.

Gypsy generally peers from the wings and gives tongue to a standard line of patter. 'Darlings, please don't ask me to take off any more. I'll catch cold. No, please, I'm embarrassed. No, honestly, I can't. I'm almost shivering now.' But in the end she yields to the clamour of the *cognoscenti* and comes out once more with her dress thrown so loosely about her that it slips off as she reaches stage centre. Timing is the subtle element in this art. Just before the black-out, Miss Lee plucks off her brassière and for one swift ecstatic second she stands completely naked except for a small beaded G-string that satisfies most city fathers.

Her real name is Rose Louise Hovick and she was born twenty-seven years ago in Seattle. She bought a copy of *Das Kapital* at the tender age of fifteen simply because she was attracted by its binding. It was Gypsy's habit to walk to work attired in a diaphanous nightgown, over which she wore an expensive mink coat. Sometimes she veered over to Union Square, where she stopped to hear communist soapboxers. She says they used to sneer at her, little guessing that she was a comrade under the mink.

Gypsy's jewels, $24,000 worth of them, put her on the front pages in 1937, when six bandits held her up outside her home and stripped her of the baubles. She said: 'My God! I love jewelry. I always wear jewelry, sometimes sleep with it.'

She became chairman of the clothing division of a relief committee for the Spanish Loyalists. Subtly exploiting her naked appeal, the committee placed advertisements graced with a seductively stripped Gypsy asserting: 'CLOTHES? ANY NEW CLOTHES, OLD CLOTHES? Gypsy Rose Lee appeals for CLOTHING for Spanish Refugees . . . and she is not teasing!'

Miss Lee's interest in art, as manifested by the décor of her apartment, is rather one-sided. On the wall at the head of the bed is a large, lascivious pastel of two nude women. On other walls are additional esoteric gems, but almost all nude females in erotic moods. 'You've got to develop an eye for art,' Gypsy says.

On the literary side, Gypsy is more versatile. Her taste runs the entire gamut from ten-cent and quarter astrology magazines to Marcel Proust. Of the latter she says simply, 'He's marvellous.' The pages of only one of his four volumes on her shelves were cut. Other well-placed books in her apartment include Dreiser's *The Genius*, Huneker's *Painted Veils*, and *The Neurotic Constitution*, by Adler.

JOHN RICHMOND, *American Mercury*

The Goebbels Touch

IRISH people do not realise that Freemasonry is a grave danger to the country, and that it never was so great or immediate a menace as it is at the present time when it would appear that efforts are being made to extend and intensify the activities of what is called 'Red' Masonry. Red Masonry is atheistic, corrupt, revolutionary, and it is controlled by a certain type of Jews and Gentiles.

The Messiah the Jews expect, is Israel itself, an Israel that will dominate the world and impose its law upon all nations as well as the materialistic conception of life which these Jews have taken from the *Talmud*. This is definitely stated by Baruch Levy in a letter to Karl Mordecai, better known as Karl Marx, the founder of modern Communism.

The greater number of Freemasons in these countries know nothing whatever about the nature, secret, and aim of Freemasonry. Many imagine that Freemasonry in Ireland and England is quite 'different' from what is erroneously termed 'Continental' Masonry, which the Grand Lodge of England has acknowledged to be both atheistic and revolutionary, and from which it severed all connection several years ago. This myth is carefully cultivated.

Freemasonry has seized upon the 'Pictures' and the theatre as a means of corruption. Night clubs, dance halls, and cabarets, not of doubtful morality but of downright immorality, have been opened by the same society. According to a Jewish writer, Mr. Samuel Roth, 'For the Jew the theatre means two things, an easy way to make money, and a woman market.'

STANISLAUS HOGAN, *Irish Rosary*

Thank You, Hitler

LIKE many other moderately successful men—middle-age found me vaguely dissatisfied.

I had done most of the things I had set out to do. Starting with nothing but a modest complement of brains, but a strong will to succeed, I had, by hard work, self-denial and application, built up a good paying business.

Then came this vague uneasiness, difficult to describe, possibly a legacy from some unknown Puritan ancestor. Not being an adherent of any established church I could not avail myself of the consolations that many find in formal religion. Could I throw everything away and start the struggle afresh?

Then from out the night sky it came, destruction by enemy action, out of the blue of an autumn night, a handful of fireworks dropped by a drugged youth from a thing of wood, canvas and metal. The act of an agent of the Devil or a buffet from the finger of God? Now was I stripped as bare as the heart could desire.

Into my business I had put brain and heart and entire personal fortune—now it was gone.

What I should never have had the courage to do was done. I found myself in possession of a glorious gift; a hard and rough road to travel. And this has to be done without the stimulus of the careless rapture of youth—but with the full knowledge of the hardships to be endured.

Hitler destroyed my material prosperity, but gave me the greatest thrill I have ever had, the the thrill of starting life anew, the thrill of adventure, of hard work and sweat and toil.

Power Laundry

Hats in Palestine

HATS are variegated and diversified in the Holy Land of to-day, since the necessities of war brought to its shores a conglomeration of nationalities. We had a sufficiently bewildering array before: the tarbushes of Moslems, the head-cloths and head-ropes of Arab villagers, the furred hats of orthodox Jews, the assortment of headgear customary to present-day European civilisation, the helmets of the police, the coverings of the various priesthoods and clergy, ranging from the turbans of the ulema to the tall coifs of Bethlehem nuns and peasant women.

But the British, Australian, New Zealand, Polish and Czech troops have brought their own particular types of headgear. The peaked caps, glengarries, forage caps and shakoes of British regiments, ranging from 'crack' cavalry units to the ordinary 'foot-sloggers' (artillerymen); the bush-hats, with sharply upturned brim, worn rakishly by the swaggering Australian fighting men, among the finest soldiers in a soldierly Empire ; the turbans of the various Indian regiments, fervently loyal to the British Raj and fanatically hostile to the enemies of the British Raj; the doughboy hats, with feathers, of the quiet-spoken New Zealanders; the sun topees and helmets of South Africans and Southern Rhodesians, hatchet-visaged and sunburned Colonial Britons; the slanted caps of the Poles; and the peaked caps of the Czechs.

New Judæa

Wop Flop

If by a disastrous and unfortunate coincidence Great Britain should win the war, it would mean the end to Italian aspirations and plans, and to Italian dignity and honour. Mortified and humiliated Italy would no longer count for anything in the world. She would become a nation of waiters, hotel keepers and porters in the service of Britain and her friends, the Americans.

SIGNOR ANSALDO, *Telegrafo*

Press Conference with F.D.R.

He is generally in the mood of a rather tired and friendly uncle the first day of the holidays. He will answer anybody at great length, or simply with a nod or a wink. At his side all this time sits Mrs. Roosevelt, knitting silently on a blue sock.

There is no such thing as an indiscretion: you ask him not only why such a policy was decided on but what he had at the back of his mind in committing the country to it. A fortnight ago, for instance, after he had explained how he proposed to rent out American armaments to Britain, somebody asked him to explain the psychology of this idea. He leaned back and waved his cigarette-holder. He said: 'Figure it this way. The President has a neighbour whose house catches fire. The President also has a length of garden hose. He doesn't ask the neighbour to pay fifteen dollars for the hose; he goes and attaches it to the hydrant. When the fire's out the neighbour returns the hose with thanks and agrees to replace the damaged section of it.'

'FIRESIDE CHAT' *Montreal Gazette*

Then the United Press men, say, put some further questions, and very relevant ones, and the President looks sad for a moment, scratches his nose and says 'I'm sorry, Fred. Better not press me on that. I'll have something for you in a few days'.

You realise that this is something that happens nowhere else in the world: the active head of a great State telling the secrets of his policy to a hundred newspaper-men and then sitting back to defend himself against their criticism.

ALISTAIR COOKE, *The Listener*

How He Heard the Bad News

At twenty minutes to three on the morning of September 1, 1939, a buzzer sounded in the White House telephone switchboard. The sleepy night operator plugged in the line . . . sounded the bell in the President's bedroom, and the President, who slept the light sleep of anxiety in those days, roused himself quickly and picked up the telephone by his bed.

'Who is it?'

'This is Bill Bullitt, Mr. President.'

'Yes, Bill.'

'Tony Biddle has just got through from Warsaw, Mr. President. Several German divisions are deep in Polish territory.'

From *American White Paper*,
By ALSOP AND KINTNER

Road Licking

A new problem has been created for motorists where salt is used as a binding agent in the construction of roads. The salt attracts cattle on to the roads, and traffic is obstructed by their presence.

Although there is no way as yet of identifying potholes caused by wear and those resulting from an orgy of 'cattle-licking', the South African Commercial Travellers' Association views the matter with sufficient concern to have passed a resolution asking for fences to be erected on either side of roads where salt has been used.

Autocar

Foreign Correspondent

So often, a foreign correspondent is almost self-appointed! . . . A fellow who wanted a job happened to 'blow in' to the office just when there was a vacancy . . . The foreign correspondent must be a particularly good student of human nature, able to get outside himself, even outside his own nationality. A knowledge of the language, history, psychology, and socio-political development of his adopted country, is essential.

Yet how rarely is this the case. A little over ten years ago, the foreign correspondent of a very popular British daily paper could not distinguish Budapest from Bucharest. Sensationalism is the order of the day. The present writer tried to send interpretative material on the outstanding political, economic and social developments taking place in that country. The foreign editor used, out of a 400-word message, about 60 words which might be considered somewhat sensational. But even these were so peculiarly chosen as to convey a quite other meaning than was intended. Another British newspaper in a certain East European capital had only this comment to make, 'Fine, but want more sex, sex, sex. That's what we expect from that place, nowadays.'

At a time when the more serious newspapers were asking for interpretations of political events in Rumania, one London editor telephoned to Vienna for 'a description of Mme Lupescu's boudoir, for tomorrow.' The correspondent could not get in touch with Bucharest, but that did not prevent a description being despatched two hours later. . . . Probably the clearest example of the failure of British newspapers on the foreign political side is shown in the ignorance of the British public over the Czechoslovak crisis of the autumn of 1938. How well one recalls the so-called authority who arrived in Berlin with a superficial guide to Czechoslovakia, written by a German agent, and spent two days in the Wilhelmstrasse before proceeding, with a German interpreter, not to Prague, but to Karlsbad and Eger!

In the case of many newspapers on the Continent, the foreign editor has graduated to the foreign editorial chair after having had wide experience in many important foreign capitals. How rare is this in the case of London daily newspapers! And what is even worse, how many of them will argue it is superfluous!

Co-operation between diplomat and foreign correspondent is common to most nations, but not to the British. It is a common occurrence to find foreign correspondents of American newspapers constantly ringing up and arranging appointments with their Ambassadors, Ministers or Consuls, for discussion of matters of mutual benefit. For a British foreign correspondent to be able to meet his diplomatic representative on such intimate terms is very exceptional.

In all this, it is generally the diplomat (and his State) who is the loser, rather than the foreign correspondent. For the latter has the better perspective because nowadays the big trends are those of the movements of the people, of those masses, of whom the diplomat, often because of his training, knows next to nothing, and cannot interpret aright until they result in some drastic action which he is powerless to prevent. Was any British foreign correspondent in Germany hoodwinked as to the real meaning of Nazism long before September 3, 1939?

Sometimes, too, there is also the case of the diplomat actively opposed and contemptuous of journalism like the Ambassador who a few years ago was proudly boasting that his greatest accomplishment was to have got one of the best known British correspondents expelled from the particular country in which both worked.

'ROBERT POWELL',
The Fortnightly

Weapon

The new German war correspondent is not a guest, but a fighting comrade of the troops. He is a trained soldier. The first requirement is that he must be a soldier of technical ability, with a strongly developed sense of duty and the necessary hard, male character traits. Above all, they must possess talents as propagandists.

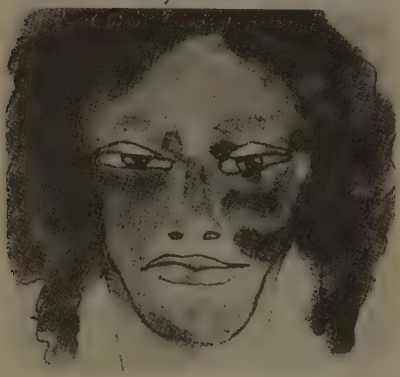
They reached Danzig seven hours before the other troops arrived. On September 14, a photographer and the driver of his armoured car captured 31 Poles on a highway.

The list of heroic deeds by the propaganda troops could be continued indefinitely. The war correspondent of to-day receives only the pay of a soldier. A central distribution office sees to it that each contribution is made effective.

LT.-COL. VON WEDEL, *Die Wehrmacht*
(official publication of the
German High Command)

Goering Likes Degenerate Art

In the 1890's, when Pablo Picasso was a pup, a Schleswig-German artist named Emil Nolde began experimenting. He distorted forms, rearranged figures, changed colours—innovations with which Picasso was later credited by the uninformed. Artist Nolde, father of German 'Expressionism', lived through World War I, the Weimar Republic, the Third Reich. When in 1937 the Nazis held a finger-pointing exhibit of 'Degenerate Art' in Munich, Nolde was naturally included.



'Head of a Woman', by Emil Nolde

Last week Chicago's Katherine Kuh Galleries held a one-man Nolde show. The pictures, all water colours, would have given Art Critic Hitler the galloping creeps. *Head of a Woman* had a green face, red highlights in the black hair. In *Small Girl With Tulips*, the sad-looking child was coloured a greyish blue, in contrast with the yellow and green flowers. Artist Nolde, now 73, is still in Germany. He is a Nazi Party member. Although he is officially banned, he paints what he likes, sells it while Nazis look the other way. Reason: Hermann Goering collects Nolde paintings.

Time

Pen-Politics

The new Soviet Republics have quickly adopted Soviet ideas. The peoples of Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia have chosen as many of their representatives to their national parliaments—authors. The Vice-Premier of the Lithuanian Government, Professor Vintsas Kreve Mitskevichus, is a well-known author, and was president of the Union of Lithuanian Writers. The well-known publicist and poet Antanass Ventslova is Lithuanian Minister of Education. He has translated Pushkin, Gorky, Dickens, and Maupassant into Lithuanian.

Other deputies are the authors Petrass Tsvirka, and Lyndass Dovidenass, while one of the front-rank modern Lithuanian authors, Lyndass Guira, is general secretary of the Ministry of Education. The head of the new Esthonian Government, Premier Johaness Varess, is a popular poet, while the Minister of Education is Johaness Semper, poet and author, and the author P. Runimo is a deputy .

In Latvia, the author Viliss Latsiss, is Minister for Home Affairs, the Minister of Social Security is the author and journalist Julius Latsiss, and deputy Andrei Upikiss is another author—all men of imagination and creative genius.

Anglo-Soviet Journal

Forbidden Newspaper

Our aim is not opposition or revolt against the authorities of occupation. We know that we lost the war and that the wise policy is a loyal collaboration, but *NOT A CORDIAL* collaboration with the Germans.

London has greatly suffered by German air bombing. But the British people are receiving the blows like sportsmen. What the French public must know and realise is that the spirit of resistance of the English is intact.

At the beginning Hitler showed himself reasonable. Now he wants us to commit an ignominy. He is going to ask us to collaborate with him against our English allies and friends. Laval is playing his last card. He has no right to drag us into that . . . *we shall not do it.*

Pantagruel, an illicit paper published in Occupied France

Steamboat Bill, Jnr.

It is a popular belief that a good many businesses, shipping companies included, are run by a bunch of children, but this appears to be literally true of a river shipping line in the U.S.S.R. It operates from Stalingrad, on the Volga. Under the guidance of experienced instructors, as many as 250 school children between the ages of twelve and seventeen will be able to learn the rudiments of navigation, ship-repair, and shore organisation.

This Secret Weapon Business

SECRET weapons have acquired some popularity because to-day technicalities are the refuge of popular romanticism. Children and newspapers dream of miraculous instruments, death rays, paralysing gases, an unknown poison or microbe. . . . In his book *Technical War*, Lieut.-Colonel Justrow alludes to this aspect of war preparation.

Improvements in firearms seem to have reached their limits. The violence of explosives might be increased, the use of rockets has not yet attained practicability. However, it would be wrong to imagine that the rocket will remain in the experimental stage much longer. It is liable some day to modify aerial strategy as the torpedo has changed naval warfare.

In Russia, especially, electro-magnetic cannons are being studied. They would give an initial velocity and record trajectories to projectiles, which would enable a central battery, hidden in the middle of a sector, to devastate vast areas of enemy territories. The question remains theoretical for the time being.

But it is Hertzian waves that give the most remarkable results, opening up illimitable horizons in their military application. Without radio, aviation would never have gained its present military importance. Future warfare may, perhaps, see phantom aeroplanes, directed solely by radio, flying without crews and releasing their bombs on objectives. No longer is it romancing, after the fashion of Jules Verne, to predict tanks manœuvring without human guidance, and cannons loading and firing themselves. Without a shadow of doubt, all this is technically realisable. When will it be of practical utility from the military viewpoint?

Translated and condensed from
La France Libre

Stalin's Copper Muddle

A MONTH ago the Commissariat for Non-ferrous Metals unified two Chief Administrations, those for copper smelting and for copper mining. Last year these were separated, but the anticipated advantages did not materialise, and the two agencies failed to work together, and wasted much time in petty squabbles, from which production suffered.

The smelters cannot attribute their own shortcomings entirely to the failures of the mines. There is enough ore to supply the smelters at the planned rate of production; but that rate has not been reached. Use of equipment is inefficient, new units are put in operation only after long delays, and losses of metal are very large.

There is, of course, a great deal of talk about these wastes, but little is done to stop them, though they involve direct money loss to the smelters; in four months the Karabash plant alone lost 1,235,000 roubles by metal losses higher than the plan allows.

All the weaknesses of ferrous metallurgy that have been so severely criticised are shared by the non-ferrous metal plants also, chiefly because of poor administration and management. It is the duty of every man in an authoritative position to co-operate in improving direction, increasing the ore supply, utilising equipment more efficiently, and working for better labour organisation, including training workers for higher positions.

Industriya, Moscow

Story

This is a true story from Hampstead. During a raid some of the tenants of a block of flats were sheltering in the basement. Another tenant, who was a foreigner, came in and said to one of the shelterers, 'You had better go back to your flat. You are showing bad lights from your back-sides.'

Borough of Hampstead Wardens' Bulletin

Smoking

A FAMOUS psychologist has discovered why smokers have trouble in breaking the habit. He determined to cease chain-smoking while writing a book in order to gain greater concentration. Without the interruption of cigarette lighting and ash-flicking, however, he wrote slower than before.

Far from forgetting the hunger for tobacco, he also hungered for the little acts that relieve the smoker. Match-striking and the other acts of smoking are all rhythmic tricks in a behaviour routine. They enable the brain to take time off for the split second needed for refreshment.

The change from concentration is as good as a rest; and now a Harley Street specialist confirms this by saying that by far the greater number of nervous breakdowns occur among non-smokers.

Tobacco

The idea of the shipping line originated with the children themselves. Every day the children's technical station of the Commissariat of River Transport used to receive letters from children requesting the establishment of a shipping line which they could run on their own. By order of the Commissariat three 100 h.p. cutters, each accommodating 232 passengers, a 110 h.p. launch with accommodation for 200 passengers, and numerous sailing boats have been put at the disposal of the children's shipping line. *Nautical Magazine*

Budgerigars into Tail-Waggers

SINCE we introduced our miniature size medallion (the size of a threepenny piece) there has been quite a rush on the part of our feline friends to enrol, but naturally we want many, many more. Our feathered friends, too, are joining in the race, and I have lost count of how many 'budgies' and the like have been recruited to our ranks, to say nothing of parrots and the larger varieties of birds.

Tail-Wagger Magazine

Poles and Czechs

UNDERSTANDING—RARELY in human history have neighbouring nations had so many and so close cultural and racial affinities as the Poles and the Czechs. Polish-Czech affinities are entirely different from attempts to regard the Poles, for instance, as akin to the Russians. Neither a Pole nor a Czech can understand Russian script, which utilises the Cyrillic alphabet. But despite the fact that they are two different nationalities and with distinct languages, the mutual contact of Poles and Czechs affords every possibility of complete understanding. *Polish Fortnightly Review*

—OR FEDERATION? HITLER'S greatest asset was the absence of any feeling of Central European solidarity. During the period of German and Russian weakness, it had been possible for the peoples of Central Europe to indulge in the luxury of perennial feuds. Even when the German threat to their independence was steadily developing, they played into Hitler's hands by failing to bury the rancours of the early post-war years. To-day Czechs, Poles, Slovaks, Ukrainians, and, in lesser measure, Hungarians also, are paying the price of their failure to sink their differences in face of the threat to their national existence.

It is against this background that the agreement of November 11, 1940, between the Polish Government and the provisional Czechoslovak Government must be assessed. In this agreement the two Governments place it on record that they 'consider it imperative to declare solemnly that Poland and Czechoslovakia, closing once and for all the period of past recriminations and disputes, and taking into consideration the community of their fundamental interests, are determined, on the conclusion of war, to enter, as independent and sovereign states, into a closer political and economic connection, which would become the basis of a New Order in Central Europe, and a guarantee of its stability'.

PETER MATTHEWS, *Free Europe*

About A Worm

A FORTNIGHT ago a dilapidated paper parcel was delivered by the morning postman. The dented tobacco tin within the brown paper contained an outsize slowworm; on top of the slowworm a slip of paper torn from an Armoury notebook stated in official language that H.M. this and H.M. that (chiefly revolvers and rifles) must be returned by a certain date, but *not* the slowworm.

Subsequent posts revealed that the slowworm came from a private in the South of England who wished to know firstly, how long a moorhen could remain submerged without bursting its lungs, and secondly, what a red-breasted bird, with a blue back, about the size of a plump robin, could be. I was glad he could still collect slowworms for identification, yet fail to give a name to a kingfisher fishing on a river.

PHYLLIS KELWAY, *Game and Gun*

Spitfire v. Dictator

IT seems there is nothing that the members of Brooks's won't bet about; the course of the Napoleonic wars, the fall of Governments, the deaths and marriages of members, and other matters unsuitable for the columns of *The Times* all find their place in the betting book, as well as horseraces. Sometimes their bets are topical. Take, for instance, this:—

'Mr. Fitzpatrick betts Genl. Burgoyne thirty guineas to twenty Spitfire against Dictator. July 8th, 1781.' Letter to *Times*

Swastika into Winston

THE dictatorial attitude of the Ontario authorities in attempting to change the name of the pretty little Northern village of Swastika has raised such a storm of disapproval that the Toronto people are now making the excuses that they should have presented before as reasons for suggesting the changing of the name. Chief among these excuses is the idea that tourists from the United States will be amazed to find a place called Swastika in a loyal British country.

Premier Hepburn's suggestion that the people of Swastika would not be forced to accept the name 'Winston' was a particularly mean one. The good people of Swastika are not objecting to the new name, but rather to being robbed of their old name. The only new name that would really please them is 'Swastika'.

Porcupine Advance, Canada

A Day with the P.M.

HE works an average of 17 hours a day. Mr. Churchill keeps ten secretaries on the run, confers daily with the War Cabinet and other key ministers.

From the time he rises—usually about 7 a.m.—he expends his prodigious energy without a letup until he finally gets to bed, generally about midnight, but sometimes as late as 3 a.m. He still keeps a telephone at his bedside—but where that is has been kept a state secret.

His day begins with the usual hearty English breakfast—porridge, kippers or kidney, and eggs, topped off with toast and marmalade and coffee.

He disposes of an immense mail with lightning rapidity. A master of organization, he tackles the stacks of papers systematically, dictating terse general instructions to two women secretaries and leaving secondary matters to subordinates.

In an effort to speed tedious government machinery, he instituted a system of stickers bearing the label 'for action this day'—which are exactly that.

He speaks rapidly, meanwhile breaking matchsticks into bits and throwing them about on the floor. Sometimes he jumps to his feet to emphasize a point, then bounces back into his chair.

At luncheon with a group, he slouches comfortably in a chair, eats and talks at the same time. He generally monopolizes talk during a meal if he is interested. If bored, he often squirms in silence, alarming to dinner partner or hostess. But his quick smile always wins forgiveness.

Christian Science Monitor

Racial Research Department

I OBSERVE that General Wu Te-Chen, Chinese Overseas Affairs Minister, talking goodwill with British representative at Singapore, is accompanied by General Co-Hen. Now this is interesting. I track Co-Hen down to a remarkable fellow called Morris Abraham Cohen.

Born about 50 years ago in the East End of London, Cohen has been bobbing up at crisis moments in Chinese affairs ever since the days of Sun-Yat-Sen (whom he is said to have smuggled out of China). He was considered, 10 years ago, to be the diplomatic and financial force behind the Chinese Nationalist movement. This may be so. Chinese inner diplomatic circles trust him implicitly, talk freely with him.

Odd combination of astute commercial man and fanatic idealist, ardent worker for Sino-British friendship, Cohen turned up here on a trade mission five years ago, returned to China in time for the war and has not been heard of since.

STANLEY BARON, *News-Chronicle*

Freedom Stirs in France

AT first, when we only had contact with the peasants, collaboration was frank and open. But since the return of the middle classes the situation has changed. Intense propaganda has developed against us, and we have been obliged to realise that, at the bottom of their hearts, this middle class still entertains the hope of a British victory.

You ask me if you think a revolution is possible in France at the present time? I don't think so, because at the moment the French people are disarmed and powerless. But as soon as we leave the country, and set free the two million prisoners who constitute the youngest and most lively part of the nation, revolution might break out. The war is not finished or decided. The national conscience of the French people, which is waking up, is revolting against the political recognition of defeat.

A German military correspondent in *Regime Fascista,* Rome

Men Make Better Secretaries

THE present overwhelming preponderance of female secretaries may be ascribed largely to two causes. First is the fact that they command smaller salaries. Second is that men employ women secretaries because they minister to masculine vanity. But an office is a place to work and not to be coddled and mothered. At home, the little attentions from an executive's wife serve his greater efficiency because they make his home a quiet refuge from the cares that infest the day. They enable him to rest. But he should not go to his office to rest.

The male secretary arranges no bouquets. He is an executive assistant, serving his boss in a man-to-man way, respectful but never saccharine or servile.

The male secretary is a career man. Failure to him would be a disgrace. To a woman in a similar position no social stigma attaches to failure. She always has a face-saver, since to retire to domestic life rather increases than diminishes her social prestige. The average office life of girl secretaries, stenographers, and typists is less than four years. Business or a profession is to most young women only an interlude in the pursuit of a mate. To a young man it is like a gladiator's appearance in the arena.

There is an impression that shorthand and typing are a woman's work, but most of the court reporters, shock troops of the stenographic vocation, are men. A majority of speed and accuracy records are held by men.

By no means to be forgotten is the fact that the average annual loss of time by sickness is 50 per cent higher for women than for men—twelve days against eight days.

A familiar type is the watchdog secretary, the girl whose chief purpose in life is to shield her boss from all callers. A policeman would be much more efficient. She works more for the individual than for the organisation.

Women often talk too much to make good secretaries. Many a girl who guards her files as though they were secret diplomatic exchanges cannot guard her tongue when she is in the rest room.

Many of the successful women secretaries will be found to possess certain masculine characteristics. In fact, they are successful to the very degree that they do not bring the weapons of the sex war into their jobs.

FRED DE ARMAND,
The Rotarian

Secret Report

THE German people are confident of the superiority of the *Luftwaffe* over the R.A.F., even with the aid of American industry. Authorities are very clever and quick at hiding results of bombing. It is interesting, however, to observe Berliners when they stop next morning to look at the damage, which the previous night's bombing has done in the central part of the capital. For instance, I stood and watched throngs of people looking at some buildings which had been severely damaged along the *Friedrichstrasse*. Their faces showed a combination of surprise and fear.

So far as I have been able to find out there are no regular bomb disposal squads. Internees from the concentration camps are used for this purpose. They are offered their freedom for their work, and there is an immediate response.

Thousands of workers from areas in the Ruhr which have been most heavily raided by the R.A.F. have been sent away at the public expense for a fortnight's holiday in the mountains, or to the more peaceful districts of central and south-eastern Germany. The latter appear to be trying to create a disbelief in all official communiqués. People were greatly impressed, however, by a broadcast which was made from a German aeroplane during a raid on London. The speaker's voice was heard very plainly as he described the attack on different points in London, and the broadcast created great enthusiasm.

The B.B.C. news broadcasts are listened to very widely throughout Germany, in spite of the drastic penalties. Aside from the news, however, British propaganda appears to us here as almost non-existent.

Faith in Hitler is now stronger than ever. People do not trouble very much about how he will bring them victory, but they are still convinced that he will do so in his own way and at his own time. On the other hand there is a great fear of a long war. Though faith in ultimate victory is still unshaken I have become more and more convinced that the morale of the German people is very brittle, and that if the war goes on indefinitely with no prospect of a decisive German success, anything may happen, and once a break starts I believe the collapse will be very swift and complete.

Report smuggled out of Germany;
condensed from *K-H News-Letter*

Lollipopularity

EVANSTON (Illinois).

Barbara Schulz, aged seven, is an official lollipop taster.

A large candy company consults her whenever they introduce a new line. She tries them out, passes them to friends, then reports to the company.

Barbara's fee is one lollipop per day.

Evening Standard

Yclept

[*A list of examination entrants yields the following names of Nigerian children.*]

Sunday Ibe. Dapper Love. Jumbo Bigbe. Dapper Catherine. Onyewuonyoma Akujiobi. Napoleon and Comfort Nkwazima. Bismarck Ndupu. Monday Opara. Adolphus Anyanwu.

Nigerian Eastern Mail

War for Herrings

THE humble Herring is the most important fish of all in wartime. More than 500,000,000 British-caught Herrings were eaten in this country last year. The demand is now much greater, because, with more than a hundred different ways of preparing them, Herrings are being used to supplement the meat ration. They are particularly rich in vitamins A and D.

[In the 13th century] the Herring fishery involved Denmark and the Hanse towns in two long and murderous wars. The Hanse towns, with Lubeck at their head, got rather the better of these struggles.

The opportunities presented by the humble Herring when science gets to work are not a little alarming. The Nazis know a lot about the Herring. They announced the important discovery that 120 Herrings would furnish enough explosive for a small torpedo. Dried and separated into their component parts by chemical processes, Herrings were able to furnish both nitrates and glycerine—both most valuable from a military point of view. The Nazis didn't let things end there. They got to work on the remains of the fish. The result was the extraction of cellulose. Cellulose can be made into synthetic plastic material, and in wartime could replace metal in the wings of aeroplanes.

Still greater joy permeated the Fatherland when it was discovered that certain fats can also be obtained from the Herring. Herring fat makes

Smokers' 'Fur'

How to detect it — How to prevent it

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth—do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling. Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining the look of your teeth.

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. What is the scientific way to destroy mouth acid? 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Commence fighting mouth acid tonight. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and clean your teeth with it each night and morning. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking. A mouth that will say Good morning! and mean it.

7½d., 1/1 and 1/10½d. (Including Purchase Tax) Sold everywhere.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

an excellent soap, a cake of which could be made from very few fish. Then there are a few salts to be extracted, and the gelatine, which exists in this useful fish to the extent of 40 per cent.

There is only one snag in these discoveries. It seems that there are some barbarians called the British who control the North Sea. These savages have made it impossible for the German fishermen to deliver the 10,000 tons of herrings Herr Hitler wants every week!

IAN HARMAN, *Aquarist and Pondkeeper*

Listening In

The British Censorship refused to pass the word Coventry, the American reporter therefore called it 'a Midland town famous for its naked women'. This expression refers to an act of Duff Cooper's, who sent a London music-hall show to Coventry to improve the spirits of the people there. *German home broadcast*, 14-12-40

The calm and serenity which reign throughout Italy would make Mr. Churchill's mouth water. *Rome Radio to the Middle East*, 14-12-40

Each mid-day the company of German soldiers arrives at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier under the Arc de Triomphe for the changing of the guard, and performs it with all the complicated etiquette that the German army observes on such occasions. The ceremony is carried out with a gravity and mathematical exactitude characteristic of the German Army. And yet the Parisians do not like it.

German broadcast in Spanish, 7-12-40

One of the local bigwigs, returning after a couple of weeks' absence, learned that a certain old man in the village had lost his wife, and went off to pay a visit of condolence.

'I'm sorry to hear you've buried your wife.'

'Eh?'

'I'm sorry to hear you've buried your wife.'

'We 'ad to. She died.'

Anecdote by L. A. G. STRONG, *B.B.C. Overseas Service*

Milan: The Italian-German Committee for Fashions held its first meeting. Prominent industrialists of both countries belong to it. The Committee established a complete uniformity of views, and decided that Italy and Germany will adopt a common line in the choice of colours to be used in fashions. *Rome, in Italian*

A Last Look Round

The Grand Council of the Navajo Indians at Gallup, New Mexico, has refused to abolish the ancient belief that bears are just the reincarnation of mothers-in-law.—*Psychic News*

I love making a joyful noise.—*Ernest Brown*

It might be argued with more than a show of reason that the present chaos in Europe is itself due in the last instance to the tragic inadequacy of 'Christian' civilisation.—*The Hindu*

Mr. Willkie looks like a dandruff ad.—*Colliers Weekly*

The nearest thing in the world to an educated democracy can be found in the Scandinavian countries.—*Sir Richard Livingstone*

The traditions of the Knights of the Cross have been revived in Nazi Germany: all those who are working in the annexed Polish districts are Twentieth Century Knights of the Cross.—*Hamburger Fremdenblatt*

Nazism is more than a political régime: it is an *ersatz* religion.—*Cardinal Hinsley*

It is a nice thought that Hitler has no power over the snowdrop.—*Beverley Nichols*

There is no use in going to see a thing if you have not written it, no use at all.—*Gertrude Stein*

Democracy has run to fat.—*Harold Nicolson*

Perhaps the Briton, who shouts so loud about freedom, never will be genuinely free.—*Ivor Brown*

The change I desire is far from revolutionary. I should like boys to wear blue coats or jackets instead of black.—*Eton College Chronicle*

When shall we be able to control the weather? When we are able to stop a mass of air of 190,000,000,000 tons from going on its own way.—*Sir Napier Shaw*

I have always suspected dogs; solid, well-meaning, liable, they seem to possess all the least attractive human virtues.—*Graham Greene*

4

A GOOD WORK

Home from Dunkirk, a soldier told how, when his regiment went to France, each man was presented with a Bible.

'I had never been to church or Sunday School,' he said. *'None of us thought of such things at home, yet I began to read the Bible I had been given. I don't know what I should have done without it out there. When we came home from Dunkirk, I had to leave everything behind—but I've still got my Bible.'*

Since War was declared the Bible Society has published one and a quarter million copies of its editions for the Forces.

This is a good work: will you support it by sending a gift?

The Secretaries
THE BRITISH & FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY
146 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET
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by R. W. G. MACKAY

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With a Foreword by NORMAN ANGELL

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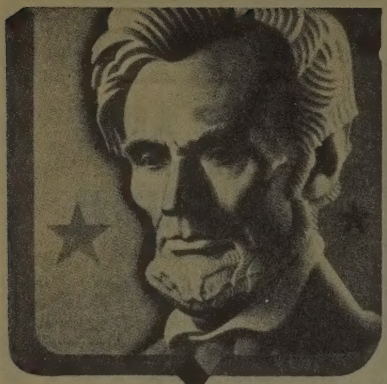
—*John o' London*

'Lively and realistic.'
—*News Chronicle*

'Rich, vivid scenes full of action.'
—*Observer*

10/6

HUTCHINSON



PROGRESS THE United States War Department announced the other day that the use of sabres, and the instruction in their use, has been discontinued.

The action was taken 42 years after the last real cavalry charge in the history of war—the Battle of Omdurman. *Philadelphia Record*

WHO WEARS THE PANTS? WE hate to say a kind word for Hitler, but when the old dastard issues an order, as he has, that any German women seen wearing trousers will be first drafted for the conscript labour corps, the world must applaud his action. Granting that only a dictator could get away with such an edict, there are three unarguable reasons why it should apply universally.

First, women look terrible in pants. Second, women in pants are so self-conscious about their attire they can't get their work done. Third, women in pants make men doubt that they are running the world after all.

El Dorado (Kansas) Times

SPELLING BEE IT'S a town in Egypt.

The Record spells it 'BuqBuq'.

The New York Times spells it 'Bag Bag'.

The Camden Courier-Post and the New York World-Telegram spell it 'Bug Bug'.

The Philadelphia Ledger spells it 'Buc Buc'.

The Baltimore Morning Sun spells it 'Buq Buq'.

And the Baltimore Evening Sun, a paper of fine old liberal traditions, splits the difference and spells it—'Buqbug'. *Philadelphia Record*

American Page

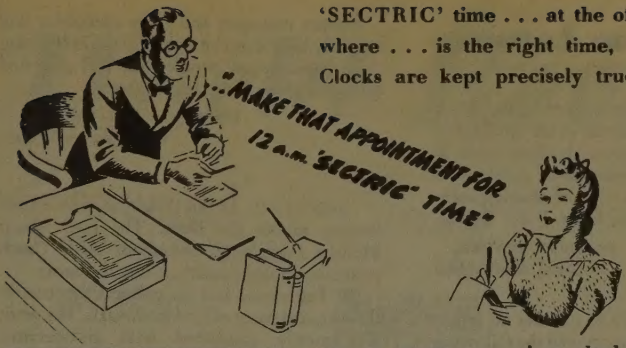
HELLISH THE Rev. James D. Boysell, pastor of Claremont Presbyterian Church of Jersey City, staged a dramatic 'debate' to-night with 'Satan', personified by a young deacon wearing the horns, tail and red garb that compose the traditional devil's costume. Interest in the performance was heightened by a series of mishaps that began shortly after he announced plans for the debate. 'The devil made his appearance last Sunday evening and put the chiming tower of the church on the blink,' declared the pastor, with a smile. 'On Tuesday I was writing the script for the debate,' he said. 'As I was writing the title, "What has Become of the Devil?" the sexton informed me that the church boiler had blown up. Yesterday my car ran out of gas in traffic and this evening as I opened a door, a hymn book fell and hit me on the head.'

New York Times

HEAVENLY SCIENTIFIC information gives backing to the belief that 'there are more people in heaven than in hell', the Rev. John N. Garst said Sunday evening in his sermon at the First Baptist Church. The basis in science for this belief, he said, is found in mortality tables which show that only in comparatively recent years have adult deaths exceeded deaths of children. Among the inhabitants of heaven are the children. Their place there has been assured because they are among those classed as 'not accountable'. In this class also are those who are adult in body but deficient in mind.

Des Moines Register

GLORY BE FEATURE of the men's dinner meeting at the Immanuel Baptist Church will be unusual piano accompaniment by Prof. Zadok Arkush. Prof. Arkush will play his original march, 'For God and Country', to open the program, and will continue by playing two selections at the same time, one with the right hand, and one with the left. He will play 'The Old Rugged Cross' with his nose, while blindfolded, and play 'Nearer My God to Thee' on the piano strings. *Pasadena Star-News*



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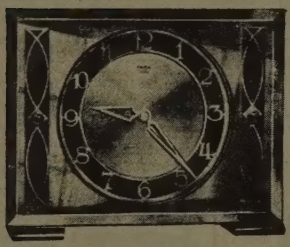

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Points from Letters

EARNEST READER WHEN books like the *World Review* express such wisdom, in the opinions of truly great men and great thinkers, there is absolute hope for the saneness of mankind as opposed to the idiosyncrasies of warring men. Yes, and God bless you, I say. I say 'Bravo', *World Review*.

AN EARNEST READER,
Natal, South Africa

MOBILISE THE BLIND IT seems to me that no article in *World Review* so far has covered the following question. There are 74,418 blind persons in Britain. Only 3,614 are employed. 62,909 are without work. What is the reason for this labour wastage?

The two main bodies responsible for the welfare of the blind are the National Institute for the Blind, and St. Dunstan's.

The former, which has affiliated societies all over the country, arranges for training in music, teaching, money raising, collating, shorthand-typing, telephony, kiosk management, and the making of the familiar basket, rug, and general crafts work. About 100 persons are employed in the Institute, and a further 300 are incorporated in the home employment scheme. The St. Dunstan's organisation is concerned with the training and rehabilitation of ex-service men. At one centre men are trained in industrial processes and also in the crafts already mentioned.

Recently both these bodies have been making special efforts to ensure that all available labour shall be absorbed. The N.I.B. were instrumental before the War in sending a deputation to the Ministries of Labour and Supply to discover the possibilities of employment in industry, while St. Dunstan's have more recently formed a committee consisting of leading industrialists and commercial men, for a similar purpose. It should be made clear that the training is the responsibility of the institutions, and it is estimated that competency is reached in from three to nine months.

Factory managers and office executives will not only be doing a charitable act in employing these handicapped people, but will also find that their efficiency is a great asset.

JOHN K. GOODWIN,
West Hagley, Worcs.

ACQUITTAL 'Is this True?' in your Cross-Section invites the truth. The truth about Minister Feierabend, and about many Czech politicians in this country, is easy to distort.

Dr. Feierabend had no political function in the Agrarian party of Czechoslovakia. His work was mostly connected with co-operative societies, which, just as in this country, were a popular undertaking nearer to social democratic ideas than to the right wing.

He was the first to introduce 'planned economy' in his country, which has rendered considerable services to farmers and consumers. By the means of the 'Czechoslovakian Grain Society' which had the exclusive right to purchase, export, and import grain, he secured stability of prices for the producer.

The consumer benefited by stabilised prices of flour and other milled products, and by the fact that the price of bread in Czechoslovakia was kept the cheapest in Europe. These achievements were only possible by excluding intermediaries, which naturally made Dr. Feierabend very unpopular in these circles, though they were given an opportunity to co-operate.

Germany (with Austria) held the first place in Czech foreign trade, and the country depended on exports. That Dr. Feierabend exported grain to Germany was, therefore, nothing extraordinary. It is, however, entirely untrue that he did so at dumping prices as stated by *Trek*.

As a democrat, I am grateful to this man who, though a nationalist, never displayed any chauvinism. He is badly wanted by the Nazis, who issued a warrant against him.

'SAPIENS,'
London, N.W.3

LETTER FROM LORD HORDER

This present issue of 'World Review' [February] is so good that I am sending you a line to say so. One of my daughters, now in Canada, says in a letter: 'Whatever you *don't* send me, Dad, please *continue* to send me "World Review"'. And she is no mean judge.

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